

== Script Fly.com ==

4" - After King - later Mary -  
3" - Ball rolling  
4" - Catfev.  
2" - After fall -  
1" - Sc 391

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

Final Screenplay

by

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and

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Q

#1828 - Name Change - 4/26/56

N O T E

The name of MARTY has been changed to CHARLIE throughout.

CHARACTER ANALYSIS

SCOTT CAREY

A sensitive, intelligent man who suffers intensely with his plight. Despite this suffering, however, he is innately courageous and adaptive, and these qualities enable him to rise above the situation and conquer it. In a sense, then, his physical shrinking is his mental growth.

LOUISE CAREY

Scott's wife. Louise is an attractive, intelligent woman who loves her husband very much and tries with all her power and compassion to help him cope with the terrible thing happening to him.

MARTIN CAREY

Scott's older brother. Scott works for him. Marty is considerate and thoughtful. He feels very sorry for what is happening to his younger brother, and helps as much as he can.

DOCTOR THOMAS SILVER

A doctor at the California Medical Center that Scott goes to. He is middle-aged and dignified. Yet through this detachment there glows the fascination of the ageless investigator on the track of some new, strange phenomenon.

DOCTOR ARTHUR BRAMSON

Approximately thirty-five years old. The local physician who first discovers Scott's strange affliction. He is intelligent enough not to disbelieve the obvious facts of Scott's case and human enough to want to disbelieve them,

CLARICE

A woman who, though perfectly formed and attractive, is only 34" high. Despite this, however, she has made a sound adjustment to circumstances and is able to find happiness in her life. It is through her brave attitude that Scott is, for a little while, to find comfort in his despair.

DOCTORS AND NURSES

- - - - -

amo #412

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

FADE IN

1 THE PACIFIC OCEAN - EARLY AFTERNOON

It is a bright, summer day. Sunlight glitters on the water like a million shiny coins. There is no sound. Almost at its surface, we look across the vast, empty ocean.

Then, in the distance, we see something coming at us. We cannot make it out exactly. It is like a fog, a mist, a moving wall - coming at us quickly - very quickly.

Now MUSIC becomes audible - not so much music as a thin and wavering, unresolved tone - an EERIE TONE - which matches the approaching wall of mist. For the mist is eerie too. We can see that now as it rushes toward us, seemingly faster and faster. We see how it shimmers with a pale and ghastly phosphorescence. And we HEAR, for the first time now, its SIBILANT HISS. It comes closer, closer - and the WAVERING TONE OF MUSIC GROWS IN INTENSITY. Closer. The weird mist rushes at us. Now it blots out half the sky and almost stretches from one end of the screen to the other. Closer. It is alive with unearthly luminescences. Closer. Closer. The sky is almost gone. The MUSIC RISES, RISES. The HISSING SOUND GROWS LOUDER, LOUDER. The mist hurtles at us. Suddenly it covers the screen! A DEAFENING STAGGER OF TYMPANI!

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN - the words starkly lettered, slashed across the screen.

The CREDITS UNFOLD, SUPERIMPOSED over the phosphorescent mist. And, throughout the accompanying music, the tympani figure is repeated unperiodically - TENSE and HARSH, maintaining a sense of unrest of the unexpected. As the CREDITS END the tympani figure is PLAYED once more - LOUDLY - and, in the following abrupt silence, we-

CUT TO

2 EXT. OCEAN - LONG SHOT - DAY *Stock*

In the far distance we can make out a small boat, its sails struck, drifting idly in the sluggish current.

CONTINUED

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2

2 CONTINUED

SCOTT'S VOICE

The strange, almost unbelievable story of Robert Scott Carey began on a very ordinary summer day. I know the story better than anyone - because I am Robert Scott Carey. It was on the Pacific Ocean -- the afternoon...

Eye /  
him

Only the FAINT SOUND of WIND and WATER. The CAMERA MOVES IN toward the boat. As we come closer we can make out two figures on the cabin roof. They are SCOTT CAREY and his wife, LOUISE. Both are wearing swimsuits.

3 TWO SHOT - SCOTT AND LOUISE

Scott is lying down, his head resting on a coil of rope. Louise, propped on her left arm beside Scott, is leaning over him kissing him languorously. After a long kiss Louise draws her lips away.

LOUISE

Mmmmm. Mmmmm.

Scott stretches, takes in a deep breath, then exhales slowly, sinking back into his pleasant lethargic semicoma.

SCOTT

This is the way to spend a vacation.

LOUISE

(snuggling closer  
in utter agreement)

Mmmmm.

SCOTT

I'm thirsty.

LOUISE

Ah. Doesn't that sun feel good?

SCOTT

I'm thirsty!

LOUISE

Interesting.

SCOTT

A cold bottle of beer'd taste fine.

LOUISE

Get it.

SCOTT

You get it. I'm on a vacation all week.

CONTINUED

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3

3 CONTINUED

LOUISE  
So am I, my friend.  
(leaning over him,  
teasing him)

SCOTT  
I think we should get married.

LOUISE  
We've been married for six years,  
Mr. Carey.

SCOTT  
It seems like six minutes.

Louise leans over to kiss him.

LOUISE  
I'll not get you that beer.

SCOTT  
I provided the boat -- you provide  
the beer.

LOUISE  
Your brother provided the boat.

SCOTT  
Okay. You get the beer, I'll get  
the dinner. How's that?

LOUISE  
Okay. There won't be any peace  
till I get it anyhow.

SCOTT  
To the galley, wench. Fetch me a  
flagon of beer.

LOUISE  
(getting up)  
I'll get you a can of beer. We're  
out of flagons this trip.

SCOTT  
(pretending to  
be aghast)  
Out of flagons? In the name of  
heaven, woman, how are we to make  
it to the Philippines?

LOUISE  
I'm sorry, Captain, we're not going  
to the Philippines. At the end of  
the week we're going back to Los  
Angeles.

CONTINUED

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3-A

3 CONTINUED - 2

SCOTT

Mutiny!

(as she goes, he  
calls after her)  
Cold bottles.

LOUISE

Like ice.

She crosses toward cabin, CAMERA PANNING.

4 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

For a moment he is sublimely relaxed. Then there is SOUND -- FAINT at first, almost inaudible, then LOUDER and LOUDER until it impinges on Scott's sleep-dulled senses. His eyes open and he listens, his face reflecting curiosity. He sits up, looking across water.

5 THE CLOUD - SHOOTING PAST SCOTT

in MIDDLE B.G. we see the weird mist rushing directly at us,

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6 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he scrambles to his feet, frowning. HISSIM  
much LOUDER now. Scott vaults from cabin roof-

7 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as mist engulfs boat. Instinctively Scott throw his arm,  
HALF-SHOOTS as the mist surrounds him.

8 FULL SHOT - BOAT

as mist clears the craft, moving on across water.

9 LONG SHOT - PAST SCOTT

in ocean beyond him we see mist rushing off. Louise EMERGES  
from cabin.

LOUISE

(perplexed)

Scott - what was that?

He turns to her, points off.

SCOTT

I don't know - some kind of mist...

Louise's glance turns back to him, widens as:

LOUISE

Look at your chest...

Scott looks down at himself, grimaces.

10 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT'S CHEST AND ARMS

His skin glints with pinpoints of phosphorescence which fade  
even as we look at them.

11 FULL SHOT - SCOTT AND LOUISE

as Scott snaps up a towel from cabin roof, begins to dry himself  
vigorously. Louise picks up adjacent towel, rubs his back. The  
WHINE of the mist is lost now; there is only SOUND of WATER and  
WIND as CAMERA TILTS TOWARD SKY.

SCOTT'S VOICE

A week later I was back in Los Angeles -  
working for my brother Marty. The  
incident on the boat was all but for-  
gotten...

RAS

DISSOLVE TO



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5

12 LONG SHOT - A SIMILAR BUT DIFFERENT SKY

SCOTT'S VOICE

But then on an equally ordinary  
day six months later...

CAMERA DEPRESSES to DISCOVER Scott's home - a single-story house  
in the moderate price range, neatly kept. A MILKMAN is crossing  
from side door, off driveway, toward his truck.

13 AT SIDE DOOR - LOUISE - MORNING

as door opens and Louise APPEARS, wearing a robe. Her satisfied  
glance takes in the sunny day; she picks up two bottles of milk,  
closes door.

14 INT. KITCHEN - FULL SHOT - LOUISE

as she COMES IN from service porch. Kitchen table is set for  
breakfast. Louise puts milk in refrigerator, depresses loaded  
toaster as:

LOUISE

Scott - you dressed yet?

SCOTT'S VOICE

Be right there.

Louise crosses to table, finishes setting it up.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Lou!

LOUISE

What, honey?

SCOTT'S VOICE

Are you sure you got the right  
pants back from the cleaners?

LOUISE

Just a second.

She goes to bedroom.

15 INT. CAREY BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Twin beds are unmade, room is in typical morning disarray.  
Scott, wearing T-shirt and a pair of trousers, is standing in  
front of full-length door mirror. He holds the waist of the  
trousers out from his body so that we see how slackly they fit.  
He walks toward door as we HEAR Louise approach.

RAS

CONTINUED

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5-A

15 CONTINUED

LOUISE'S VOICE

You asked me the same thing  
yesterday.

She is in the room now.

SCOTT

Well, they still don't fit right.

LOUISE

Still too loose?

SCOTT

Yes.

She examines the trousers.

CONTINUED

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6

15 CONTINUED

LOUISE  
They do look kind of big.

SCOTT  
Even the cuffs are dragging.  
(shrugging into  
shirt)  
You better talk to that cleaner.  
I don't know what he's doing but  
tell him to cut it out.

Louise chooses a tie from rack in closet, crosses to drop it  
around his neck as:

LOUISE  
You're probably just losing weight.  
And it's very becoming, so don't  
complain. You want one or two eggs?

SCOTT  
One.

LOUISE  
That's why your pants don't fit.

She EXITS as Scott, still in front of mirror, starts to fasten (X  
shirt cuffs. He pauses, frowning, stares down at the cuffs.

16 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT'S WRISTS

The shirt sleeves are long, extending into the palms of his  
hands.

17 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

Disturbed, he tries the collar. It is also large. He starts  
OUT, tucking shirt into trousers.

18 INT. KITCHEN - FULL SHOT - LOUISE

frying eggs at stove. Scott ENTERS.

SCOTT  
For the love of Pete, the shirt  
doesn't fit either.

LOUISE  
Well it's your shirt. There's  
your monogram.

She taps monogram on breast pocket, turns to serve eggs onto  
plates.

LOUISE  
Now sit down and eat your breakfast.

RAS

*Has shirt  
change with  
as with*

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7

19 AT BREAKFAST TABLE

Scott still disturbed, sits. Louise follows him, lays down the plates, sits and pours coffee.

LOUISE

I'd love to lose a few pounds myself. What's the secret?

SCOTT

(tries to grin)  
Maybe it's the cooking around here.

LOUISE

You beast. Drink your juice.

Scott sips his juice, sets it down as:

SCOTT

Lou - do me a favor. Pick up some bathroom scales today.

Now, Louise looks at him, she is aware of his honest concern.

LOUISE

All right, Scott.

He starts to eat half-heartedly as we

DISSOLVE TO

20 INT. DR. BRAMSON'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - SCOTT- DAY

With a little SQUEAK a height measuring bar descends onto the top of Scott's head.

DR. BRAMSON'S VOICE

I still get five foot eleven inches, Mister Carey.

SCOTT

(puzzled)  
I've been six foot one since I was seventeen.

21 MED. SHOT - SCOTT AND DR. BRAMSON

Scott is on the scale. DR. BRAMSON GRUNTS in acknowledgment of Scott's remark and plays with the scale weights. He gets them balanced.

SCOTT

And the weight...?

RM

CONTINUED

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21 CONTINUED

DR. BRAMSON  
(repeating something  
previously mentioned)  
Still one seventy-four and a quarter  
pounds.

SCOTT  
(grimacing; shak-  
ing his head  
twice)  
I don't understand it. That's -  
(calculating)  
- a loss of almost ten pounds.

DR. BRAMSON  
(calmly)  
Well, as I told you, Mister Carey -  
you're probably overworking your-  
self. You told me that when you  
overwork you get nervous and tend  
to eat less than you should.

SCOTT  
Yes, but...I never lost that much  
weight. Besides, I don't think I've  
been...particularly nervous lately.  
(worriedly)  
Anyway, not eating wouldn't make me  
lose height, would it?

DR. BRAMSON  
(smiling amusedly)  
I very much doubt if you're losing  
height, Mister Carey.

He sits down and waves Scott to the other chair. Scott sits.

22 TWO SHOT - SCOTT AND BRAMSON

Bramson leans back in the chair.

DR. BRAMSON  
You say you've been six foot one  
since you were seventeen. How  
many physical examinations have  
you had since then?

SCOTT  
Oh...at the draft board. In the  
Navy. And...a life insurance  
physical.

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22 CONTINUED

DR. BRAMSON

Not too many, you see. And there may well have been errors made in all of them as regards your height. This often happens. A good many things could cause such errors. For example, if you stood erect, you'd measure out as taller than you really are. Or - if your height was taken in the morning you'd measure out as taller.

SCOTT

Why's that?

DR. BRAMSON

Because a person actually decreases in height during the day. The weight of the body compresses the spinal discs...the bone joints...and so forth.

23 TWO SHOT - BRAMSON AND SCOTT - FROM BEHIND BRAMSON

Bramson picks up the file off the desk and looks it over.

SCOTT

(not comforted)

I see, but...two inches.

DR. BRAMSON

(putting file back  
on desk)

I wouldn't worry, Mister Carey. As far as I can see you're in perfect health. You've likely lost some weight due to insufficient diet but -

(laughs)

- well, people don't get shorter, Mister Carey. They just don't get shorter.

CAMERA HOLDS on Scott looking at Dr. Bramson as if he wants to believe but, somehow, can't.

DISSOLVE TO

24

INT. BEDROOM - MIRROR SHOT - NIGHT

A mirrored door is moving, the reflection of the room blurring before our eyes. When it stops we see Louise REFLECTED as she sits at a dressing table, her back turned, brushing her hair. Scott APPEARS in front of mirror, drawing on his bathrobe. Gazing at his reflection, he sees that the robe is too large for him. A perplexed frown bites into his forehead as he fingers the edge of the robe, overlaps them to accentuate the size of the garment.

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25 INT. BEDROOM - FULL SHOT

Louise slips on a pair of mules as:

LOUISE  
What did Marty think about your  
idea for that newspaper advertise-  
ment?

SCOTT  
(trying to make  
it casual)  
He thinks it has possibilities.

He crosses toward open door to bathroom. Louise is brushing her hair.

26 INT. BATHROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SCALES

as Scott's feet mount scales. The dial needle oscillates, steadies on 170.

27 UP ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT

gazing down at scales. His mouth tightens.

28 INT. BATHROOM - FULL SHOT - SCOTT AND LOUISE

Brush in hand, Louise stands at open doorway, gazing at him. Scott looks at her, tries to grin.

SCOTT  
Four pounds.

LOUISE  
Up or down?

SCOTT  
Down.

LOUISE  
Well that does it, my boy.

29 INT. BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - LOUISE

as she turns back into bedroom, sits on bed, begins to pin up her hair, all as:

LOUISE  
Vitamins for you. I'm going to  
fatten you up on mashed potatoes  
and ice cream. You'll be living  
in a child's paradise.

RAS

CONTINUED

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29 CONTINUED

Scott appears in bathroom door, looking at her quizzically.

SCOTT

(quietly)  
I don't think that's going to fix  
it, Lou.

LOUISE

(feeling his concern)  
Then we'll see a doctor. You're due  
for a check-up, anyway.

Scott moves deeper into room.

SCOTT

I've already seen one.

LOUISE

(surprised)  
When?

SCOTT

A week ago.

LOUISE

(perturbed)  
Scott, why didn't you...

Scott turns to her abruptly.

SCOTT

(cutting in)  
Come here, Louise.

Puzzled, she stands, crosses to him.

30 TWO SHOT - SCOTT AND LOUISE

SCOTT

Kiss me?

LOUISE

(smile)  
You figure that'll fix it?

Her arms go around him; she kisses him. In mid-embrace, Scott's  
glance suddenly darts toward floor.

31 LOW POSITION SHOT - LOUISE'S FEET

Her feet, sheathed in the mules, are almost flat on the floor.

RAS



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32 TWO SHOT

as Louise reacts to the sudden breaking off of the kiss. Scott's expression is touched with dread.

SCOTT

You didn't have to stretch. You used to stand on your toes when you did that.

Louise brushes away her reflected alarm with a rationalizing smile.

LOUISE

In your stocking feet?

She looks down. So does Scott.

33 LOW POSITION SHOT - SCOTT'S AND LOUISE'S FEET

He is wearing his shoes.

34 FULL SHOT - LOUISE AND SCOTT

as she looks back to him, wondering...

SCOTT

(quietly)  
I'm getting smaller, Lou. Every day.

LOUISE

(shaking head in disbelief)  
That's crazy! Scott, nobody ever...

SCOTT

(quickly)  
I know. It just doesn't happen.  
That's why we're going back to the doctor tomorrow.  
(forced grin)  
Maybe he can find a pill for it.

Louise, frightened now, is staring at him as he slips out of his robe and we

CUT TO

34-A INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - CAT - NIGHT

The cat is lying on the edge of the bed as Scott enters. He walks around the bed taking off his bathrobe as he moves. He

RAS

CONTINUED

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12-A

34-A CONTINUED

throws the robe on the chair, sits on the side of the bed and picks up the cat.

SCOTT

Don't worry Butch, everything's going to be all right...

(tosses the cat  
to the floor)

Go to bed.

And he still sits, looking after the cat.

CUT TO

35 INT. BRAMSON'S LABORATORY - DAY

Blackness fills the screen for a moment, then as X-ray viewing machine is snapped on, a skeleton head flares into view. Room

CONTINUED

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13

35 CONTINUED

lights go on and CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to DISCOVER Dr. Bramson at the viewer. He removes the X-ray plate, places it in a box of similar plates labelled "ROBERT SCOTT CAREY". He withdraws two of these X-rays, aligns them side by side on the machine, snaps out room lights.

36 INSERT - TWO X-RAYS

They are shots of the thoracic region, showing spinal and rib structure. Bramson's HANDS slide plates together so that one is superimposed on the other. We see that, although the plates are identical in detail, one skeletal system is smaller than the other. Again the room lights.

37 MED. SHOT - DR. BRAMSON

perplexity and alarm reflected in his face. Finally he takes a deep breath, snaps off viewing machine, crosses to open door. Scott and Louise are REVEALED sitting in Bramson's office. The doctor crosses toward them.

38 INT. BRAMSON'S OFFICE - LOUISE, SCOTT, BRAMSON - DAY

DR. BRAMSON

(taking desk chair)

That's the last of them, Mr. Carey.

LOUISE

(nervously gripping

Scott's hand)

It's been a long week, doctor.

SCOTT

(attempted grin)

It must have worn out your X-ray machine.

DR. BRAMSON

(gravely)

I needed two full sets of pictures - spaced several days apart. I had to compare them - before I could be sure.

Louise darts her glance at Scott, then back to Bramson.

LOUISE

Sure of what, Dr. Bramson? What is it?

Bramson appears reluctant to let his opinion pass his lips.

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CONTINUED

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38 CONTINUED

SCOTT  
(swallows hard)  
Relax, doctor. You can't tell me  
anything I haven't imagined.

DR. BRAMSON  
(almost blurting  
it out)  
You are getting smaller.

Louise winces.

39 CLOSEUP - SCOTT

his face a controlled mask.

40 THREE SHOT - BRAMSON, LOUISE AND SCOTT

We see the expressions of stunned incredulousness on Louise's  
face.

DR. BRAMSON  
(tensely; almost  
angrily)  
I don't profess to understand it,  
Mr. Carey. There's no medical  
precedent for what - seems to be  
happening to you. I -  
(gestures futilely)  
I just know that you're getting  
smaller. The X-rays prove it be-  
yond a doubt.

LOUISE  
(weakly; more with  
hope than with con-  
viction)  
But...that's impossible.

DR. BRAMSON  
We've always believed so, Mrs.  
Carey.  
(pause; to Scott)  
I'm going to send you to the  
California Medical Research Insti-  
tute. If there's an explanation  
for your phenomenon - they'll find  
it.

(X)

CAMERA MOVES IN on Scott's stark expression.

RAS

DISSOLVE TO

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41 INSERT - METAL PLAQUE ON BUILDING

which reads CALIFORNIA MEDICAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE

(X)

42 MONTAGE

thru  
46

A SERIES OF QUICKLY PACED SCENES which show Scott's experiences at the Medical Research Institute - leading to the test in (X) which it is discovered what is wrong with him. As these scenes progress we see how Scott's expression gets more and more grim.

INT. FLUOROSCOPE ROOM -  
CLOSE SHOT - FLUOROSCOPE SHOT -  
DAY

We see Scott's skeletal structure as he stands behind the fluoroscope screen. He is handed a glass and we see him drink from it and the dark liquid cloud down into his system.

SCOTT'S VOICE  
Then began a series of intensive tests. I drank a barium solution and stood behind a fluoroscope screen.  
(pause)

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MED. SHOT -  
SCOTT, SILVER AND ASSISTANTS -  
DAY

Scott is handed a glass with dark-red-tinged water in it. After bracing himself he drinks it.

SCOTT'S VOICE  
They gave me radio-active iodine...

INT. SAME EXAMINATION ROOM -  
CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT AND SILVER -  
NIGHT

Silver holds a Geiger counter to Scott's throat and the CAMERA MOVES IN

SCOTT'S VOICE  
- and an examination with a Geiger counter.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - CLOSEUP -  
SCOTT - DAY

He is sitting with electrodes taped to his head, having an electro-encephalogram. CAMERA PANS OVER to his file on the desk. We see it mounting, mounting.

SCOTT'S VOICE  
I had electrodes fastened to my head -  
Water restriction tests.  
Protein bond tests.  
Eye tests. Blood cultures. X-rays and more X-rays. Tests. Endless tests.

47 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MED. SHOT - SILVER, SCOTT AND ASSISTANT -  
DAY

They are standing by a table on which the apparatus stands.

RM

CONTINUED

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47 CONTINUED

SCOTT'S VOICE

And then, one day in the third week,  
the final examination. A paper  
chromatography test.

DR. SILVER

Don't be despondent, Mister Carey.  
At least we've found out what is  
happening to you - a gradual loss  
of nitrogen; calcium; phosphorus.  
This test may tell us why.

SCOTT

(grimly)

I hope so.

48 INSERT - FILTER STRIP FOR PAPER CHROMATOGRAPHY

DR. SILVER'S VOICE

(businesslike)

We take the strip and suspend it in  
an air-tight chamber.

The assistant's hand does this, CAMERA FOLLOWING the action.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE

You see that the end of the strip  
rests in a trough which contains a  
water-saturated solvent.

Through the glass wall of the air-tight chamber we see this.  
CAMERA MOVES IN VERY CLOSE.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE

Now the filter strip begins to draw  
up the solvent...

After a moment a clock face is SUPERIMPOSED over the SHOT of the  
strip to show the passage of time. The hands of the clock move  
around slowly as Silver describes the process.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE

The solvent runs across the dried  
spot of blood extract. This causes  
the different substances to run up  
along the strip at different speeds -  
depending in part on how soluble  
they are.

We see this. The clock hands move slowly past the hour mark,  
then the two-hour mark. Finally, at the end of the five-hour  
mark the clock stops.

RM

CONTINUED

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48 CONTINUED

DR. SILVER'S VOICE  
Finally the process is complete.  
We remove the filter strip and dry  
it...

The strip is removed. It is dried by hanging it in front of an electric fan dryer. We still see the SUPERIMPOSED clock. At the end of the half hour the clock disappears and we see only the dry strip.

49 MED. SHOT - SCOTT, DR. SILVER AND ASSISTANT

The assistant hangs the strip for spraying.

DR. SILVER  
Now. We'll spray the strip with a  
color reagent and see what we find...

50 CLOSE SHOT THE STRIP

We see it being sprayed by a spray gun. Slowly, magically, tiny spots of color appear on the strip. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE. It begins to PAN ACROSS the strip. Silver mentions each element in turn: phospholipid, amino acids, cholesterol, creatinine, protein; and says that they are commonly found. Then CAMERA reaches a certain line.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE  
(dramatically)  
Wait a moment...

CAMERA HALTS ABRUPTLY. MUSIC UP.

51 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT AND DR. SILVER

Silver looks excited; Scott dreading the worst.

DR. SILVER  
(pointing fascinatedly  
at filter strip)  
This one.

52 INSERT - THE SPOT ON FILTER STRIP

We see Silver's big finger pointing to it.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE  
(utterly intrigued)  
Yes. This one.  
(pause)  
It doesn't belong.

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53 INT. DR. SILVER'S OFFICE - INSERT- STRIP ON SILVER'S DESK - DAY  
Dr. Silver taps it with a pencil point.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE  
Our analysis shows that it's a re-  
arrangement of the molecular structure  
of the cells in your body.

54 MED. SHOT - SCOTT, LOUISE AND DR. SILVER

LOUISE  
(shocked)  
You mean a...cancer?

DR. SILVER  
No. More like an anti-cancer caus-  
ing a rearrangement of all the organs  
proportionately.

SCOTT  
(hope growing)  
Then you know what's causing me to  
get smaller.

DR. SILVER  
We think we do, Mister Carey. That's  
why I called you here.

(pause)  
I want you to tell me something.  
Have you ever been accidentally  
exposed to any kind of germ spray?  
In particular an insecticide? A  
great deal of insecticide?

Scott and Louise look blank.

SCOTT  
Insecticide?

DR. SILVER  
Exactly. Has there ever been a time  
when you were so exposed?

Scott thinks a moment, looks at Louise.

SCOTT  
You remember that day I came home  
and told you about that truck?

LOUISE  
(trying to remember)  
Yes - about two months ago...



fg #412

19

54 CONTINUED

SCOTT

(to Silver)

I was going to the store. I went through a back alley. While I was walking, a truck turned in.

(meaningful pause)

It was spraying trees...

DR. SILVER

(grimly pleased;  
nodding)

We were almost sure it would be something like that.

SCOTT

(shocked)

But...do you mean that's what's causing me to - ?

DR. SILVER

(mysteriously)

No. That was only the beginning. Something happened to that insecticide after it was in your system. Something fantastic and unprecedented. Something which, in laymen's terms, so affected the insecticide that, from a mildly virulent germ spray, it created deadly, chemical reversal of the growth process.

SCOTT

But what...?

DR. SILVER

Have you been exposed to any type of radio-activity in the past six months?

SCOTT

Radio-activity?

(head-shake)

No. Of course not. I don't come in contact with anything like that. I work in a -

LOUISE

(breaking in)

Scott....

Dr. Silver and Scott look at her.

LOUISE

Scott, that day we were on the boat.

(pause)

That mist...

RM

Q #412 - Changes 3/1/56

20

55 TWO SHOT - SCOTT AND LOUISE

as realization comes to Scott. New horror dawns in both their eyes. Scott turns to Silver:

SCOTT

(slowly)

One day - we were sailing on the ocean. There was a cloud. I'd never seen anything like it.

DISSOLVE TO

56 EXT. STREET - LONG SHOT - SCOTT AND LOUISE - DAY

They leave the Medical Center and head for their car, parked at curb. They are just about the same height. Scott's clothes fit very loosely.

57 EXT. AT PARKED CAR - MED. SHOT - SCOTT AND LOUISE

as they come up to car.

LOUISE

Shall I drive?

SCOTT

No. I'm all right.

He crosses around to enter driver's side.

58 INT. CAR - TWO SHOT - SCOTT AND LOUISE

as silently they slide into front seat. Scott fits key in ignition.

SCOTT

(wryly)

You married a creative guy, Lou. I invented something. I found out how to reverse the whole order of the universe.

LOUISE

Darling, they know now - they'll find a way.

Scott turns to her, touches her cheek, steadying her face so that she is looking directly into his eyes.

CONTINUED

RAS

Q #412

21

58 CONTINUED

SCOTT

(gently)

Face it, honey. All they know is the cause and the effect.

LOUISE

(gripping his hand - intensely)

But that's so much, Scott! You heard what Dr. Silver said. With what they know they can look for some kind of anti-toxin...

SCOTT

They can look; they don't have to find. We better start getting used to that idea. And to something else, too.

(touches clothing, accentuating its bagginess)

I can't go on like this - dropping weight, shrinking...

Louise grimaces at the word, shakes her head.

SCOTT

(pounding it home)

That's the word; shrinking!

(almost dispassionately)

And that leaves the question - how long have I got?

There is strength and hope in Louise as she faces him directly.

LOUISE

(firmly)

Don't say that, Scott - ever again.

SCOTT

(averting his eyes)

I want you to start thinking about - us. Our marriage. Some pretty awful things might happen. There's a limit to your obligation.

With a GASP, almost a sob, Louise throws her arms about him, pressing herself close. Scott looks down at her. She raises her lips, kisses him.

LOUISE

I love you; don't you know that?

CONTINUED

RAS

amo #1828 - Changes 3/26/56

22

58 CONTINUED - 2

SCOTT

You love Scott Carey - he has a  
size and a shape and a way of  
thinking. All that's changing  
now.

Louise picks up his left hand, touches his wedding ring.

59 CLOSER SHOT - TO EMPHASIZE WEDDING RING

LOUISE

Nothing's really changed. As long  
as you have this wedding ring on --  
you'll have me.

(a beat; then  
softly)

Come on - let's go home.

She breaks off as ring slips from Scott's finger, drops to  
floorboard.

60 FLOORBOARD - LOW POSITION SHOT - THE RING

The ring lies between their feet on the floor of the car.

61 TWO SHOT - SCOTT AND LOUISE

as their glances come up to meet each other. Panic flickers  
in Louise; raw anguish lies open in Scott's face.

FADE OUT

RAS

FADE IN

62 INT. SCOTT'S LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT - MARTY AND LOUISE - NIGHT

Marty walks away from camera, moving past an armchair which we see from behind - and which is, apparently, empty. In the b.g. we SEE Louise sitting on a couch, the cat in her lap. We do not see Scott. Marty turns now and looks toward the chair.

MARTY

The truth is, I just lost the  
Bannister account.  
(pause)

63 MED. SHOT - MARTY

In the shadowy f.g. - cutting the screen in half horizontally - we SEE the back of the armchair. We see no one sitting in it. but Marty is talking to it.

MARTY

You know how big that account was;  
probably forty percent of my in-  
come. Well, it's gone now and...  
I just can't afford to send you  
your pay checks any more.

After an awkward moment he looks at Lou.

MARTY

Believe me, Louise, I wish I could.  
I feel rotten about it, but...

64 CLOSE SHOT - LOUISE

LOUISE

(consolingly, yet  
still worried)

Marty, you've done everything a  
brother could.

(X)

She looks o.s. toward the chair.

65 MED. SHOT - MARTY AND LOUISE

They are both looking at the chair in the shadowy f.g. We know that Scott is sitting there but we can't see him.

CONTINUED

RM

65 CONTINUED

MARTY

(approaches chair  
a few steps, then  
stops, embarrassedly)  
Look, I...don't like to say this,  
but...

(throwing aside  
caution)

Well, there've been reporters over  
at the plant. Looks like someone  
at the Medical Center talked about  
you. I told the reporters there  
was nothing in it - but one of them  
stayed behind. He was from the  
American Press Syndicate and he  
said they might pay for the story -  
if it's true.

(X)

There is silence from the chair.

MARTY

(plunging on to  
hide his feelings  
of awkwardness)

Scott, the story's going to break  
eventually, anyway. I mean, whether  
you make them pay or not, they're  
going to make the most of it. So -  
well, make them pay.

Distaste is written clearly in Louise's face as she shakes her  
head.

LOUISE

No, Marty!

MARTY

(uncomfortably;  
directed to Scott)

Well - you think about it.

66 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT'S FACE

His eyes marked with suffering.

SCOTT

All right. I'll think about it.

(X)

CONTINUED

sh #1828 - Changes 4/13/56

25

66 CONTINUED

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK SLOWLY from Scott and we see that he is 60" tall - dressed in boy's clothes - almost swallowed up by the chair - his legs barely reaching the floor! When CAMERA reaches the equivalent of a MED. SHOT of Scott in the chair, IT STOPS ABRUPTLY.

SCOTT'S VOICE

But really, was there any choice?  
We owed money to the Medical Center;  
to Dr. Bramson and I had no job --  
There was no choice; none at all.  
And so I became -- "famous."

DISSOLVE TO

67 OMITTED

68 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - RADIO - DAY

The radio, a portable, stands on a coffee table. ANNOUNCER'S VOICE comes over as we SLOWLY PULL BACK.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

And still Robert Scott Carey - known  
to a nation as the Incredible Shrink-  
ing Man - keeps getting smaller. .  
How long will this phenomenon con-  
tinue?

CAMERA IS TRUCKING now, MOVING PAST the easy chair associated with an ottoman. Lying on seat of chair are sewing materials and a child-sized shirt.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Doctors have no answer. Top re-  
search men at the California Medical  
Research Institute are still search-  
ing. --

(X)

TRUCK SHOT CONTINUES PAST coffee table strewn with writing materials, diary, paste-pot, newspaper clippings, magazines; clips and magazine covers deal with the Carey phenomenon.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (Cont'd)

-- for an anti-toxin to check this  
strangest of afflictions. Will  
they succeed in time?

CONTINUED

RAS

rp #1828 - Changes 4/26/56

26

68 CONTINUED

As CAMERA TRUCKS, ANNOUNCER'S VOICE becomes b.g. effect, CROSS-FADING with LOUISE'S VOICE:

LOUISE  
(coming on)  
I want to apply for an  
unlisted line, please.  
(beat)  
This is a special case.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE  
(b.g.)  
No one knows. But the  
prayers of a nation are  
directed toward the Carey  
home at Burbank, California.

TRUCK SHOT REVEALS Louise in alcove off living room, speaking on phone. Her voice is edgy, her features strained.

LOUISE'S VOICE  
(f.g.)  
My name is Louise Carey.  
My husband is --  
(pause)  
Carey. C-A-R-E-Y.  
(pause)  
Yes. Robert Scott Carey.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE  
(b.g.)  
Carey's grim race with fate  
began almost four months ago,  
when he first discovered he  
was losing size.

LOUISE (cont'd)  
(touch of hysteria)  
We have to have an unlisted line!  
My husband - both of us - we're  
being driven out of our minds by  
phone calls!

(X)

CAMERA PANS for SHOT of cat moving across floor. We begin to  
LOSE LOUISE'S VOICE.

LOUISE'S VOICE  
I called you yesterday...  
(pause)  
Yes, I see. As soon as possible.

69 LOW ANGLE SHOT - THE CAT

as it lunges at a worn rubber ball, batting it across floor.

LOUISE'S VOICE  
If you must, we'd prefer that.  
Right away.

70 LOW ANGLE SHOT - RUBBER BALL

CAMERA PANS ball across floor to window where CAMERA RISES to  
DISCOVER the shockingly diminished figure of Scott. He is four  
feet tall. Again we become conscious of the RADIO.

R1S

CONTINUED



JMC #412 - Changes 3/1/56

27

70 CONTINUED

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

-- the next news report in an hour.

MUSIC from the radio now - something bright and brassy. Scott, gaunt-featured, is just about tall enough to look over window ledge to exterior.

71 EXT. CAREY HOME - WINDOW SHOT - NEWSMEN

Three or four cars are parked in front of the house. Newsmen - reporters, still photographers, newsreel photographers - are grouped together, talking, looking toward house.

72 INT. LIVING ROOM - AT WINDOW - MED. SHOT - SCOTT

His face and clenched hands reveal his tension as suddenly he pivots from window, crosses, WITH CAMERA, to snap off the portable radio.

LOUISE'S VOICE

Yes. Thank you.

PHONE HUNG UP OFF.

73 UP ANGLE SHOT - LOUISE

Louise coming into living room from alcove.

LOUISE

Scott, I've cancelled our phone.  
They'll try to get us an unlisted  
line this week.

74 MED. SHOT - SCOTT - LOUISE - SPLIT SCREEN

He stands explosively, fists working.

SCOTT

They'll try!

(harshly)

Didn't you tell them who you're  
married to? The Incredible Robert  
Scott Carey - the Shrinking Freak!  
Use your influence, Louise. I'm a  
famous personality!

Buffeted by his words, herself riding on the bare rim of self-control, Louise raises her hands to her face.

LOUISE

Please don't, Scott. Not now...

RAS

== Script Fly.com ==

75 OMITTED

76 PORTION OF LIVING ROOM - SCOTT - OVERSIZE SET  
as Scott CROSSES INTO FRAME, throwing angry glance toward window.

SCOTT  
(bitterly)  
Those reporters out there. Why not  
tell them about it. Give 'em a new  
angle to write about.  
(turning to her)  
Or shall I save it for my book? A  
whole chapter on telephones and one  
more joke for the world to laugh at!

77 MED. SHOT - LOUISE

LOUISE  
(anguished)  
People know, Scott - they realize -  
they're not laughing!

78 MED. FULL SHOT - SCOTT - LOUISE - SPLIT SCREEN  
his hurt welling in his face.

SCOTT  
Why not?! It's funny, isn't it?  
(violently)  
Come on, laugh with me! Look how  
funny I am - the child that walks  
like a man! Look at me, Louise!  
Look at me!

He stands with arms out-thrust. Louise, almost at the breaking  
point, stares at Scott. The PHONE RINGS SHARPLY. Louise covers  
her ears with her hands. Scott stares at her, anger and re-  
crimination draining from his eyes and replaced by compassion  
and sorrow.

LOUISE  
If they'd leave us alone - if  
they'd just leave us alone...

SCOTT  
(gently)  
Lou. Oh, Lou. I must be losing  
my mind, talking to you like that.

RAS

CONTINUED

JMC #412 - Changes 3/1/56

29-30

78 CONTINUED

TELEPHONE STOPS. Louise raises her head, blinks back the tears.

LOUISE  
It's all right, Scott. I know what  
you're suffering.

SCOTT  
Do you? I can only guess what a  
nightmare it's been for you.  
(beat)  
Maybe we've forgotten how to hope.

LOUISE  
There's so much to hope for. The  
doctors say any day now - they'll  
find the anti-toxin.

Scott holds for an instant, turns out of scene.

79  
thru  
81 OMITTED

82 AT COFFEE TABLE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT - OVERSIZE SET  
as he looks down at research and writing materials.

SCOTT  
Lou, let's get out of this place.  
Somewhere where nobody can find us.

83 LOUISE  
as she rises, searching for strength and confidence.

LOUISE  
All right, Scott. I'll look.  
(faint smile)  
Don't worry, darling.

84 AT COFFEE TABLE - MED. SHOT - SCOTT - OVERSIZE SET  
as he flips journal open.

SCOTT  
(wryly)  
No. I'll let the doctors worry.  
(beat)  
I'm two days behind on my book.  
He reaches for a pencil as we

FADE OUT

35  
RAS OMITTED

eg #412 - Changes 3/1/56

31

FADE IN

86 INT. LIVING ROOM - NEW HOUSE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT - DAY  
seated at coffee table, writing in diary as CAMERA DESCENDS.

SCOTT'S VOICE

(dispassionately)

October 17, 1955. Height - thirty-six-and-a-half inches. Weight - fifty-two pounds. We are in our new house now. It has brought us privacy - but no real relief. There is still no word from the medical center. I fear that what life remains to me must be spent...

There is the harsh JANGLE of TELEPHONE o.s. Scott breaks off writing and crosses WITH CAMERA to telephone. It is placed on a low stool. For an instant he stares down at the instrument, as if in fear or loathing. Finally he picks it up.

SCOTT

(into phone)

Yes.

(pause)

Yes, this is Carey.

He listens tensely.

87 INT. CELLAR - DOWN ANGLE SHOT - LOUISE - DAY

The cellar is cement-floored, half-walled. A flight of wooden steps rises on one side. There is the usual water-heater and furnace installations, a few high, screened windows, chest-high shelves along one of the walls, some boxes and cartons scattered about.

Louise, standing near the shelved wall, is working on a dress-maker's dummy, basting a simple house-dress. A tape measure is looped over the dummy's shoulder. A sewing basket lies on the floor near the dangling end of the tape.

88 MED. FULL SHOT - LOUISE

She steps back to get the effect of what she's done, reaches automatically toward a slice of sponge cake which lies on a sheet of paper on the shelf. She takes a bite, prods a fold out of the dress.

O.s. door at top of cellar stairs opens and light is admitted as:

RAS

CONTINUED

eg #412 - Changes 3/1/56

32

88 CONTINUED

SCOTT'S VOICE  
(excitedly)  
Louise!

She turns to stairs.

89 AT TOP OF STAIRS - UP ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT  
at towering cellar door. His face is ecstatic.

SCOTT  
(voice shaking)  
The anti-toxin -- they've found it.

90 AT DUMMY - MED. SHOT - LOUISE  
stunned at first, then reacting with a burgeoning excitement.

LOUISE  
Oh, Scott! I knew!

She has a pin in one hand, the cake in the other. Pin jabbed into dummy and cake dumped on shelf; she hurries toward base of stairs.

LOUISE  
Are you sure?

91 LOOKING UP STAIRS - MED. SHOT - SCOTT - LOUISE  
as Louise moves into f.g.

SCOTT  
(choked)  
Dr. Silver wants us down there -  
right away.

Louise ascends stairs, as we

DISSOLVE TO

RAS

== Script-Fly.com ==  
Needle is inserted through sealed top of vial, draws up the fluid.  
CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to REVEAL Dr. Silver. 33

DR. SILVER  
Something you both have to under-  
stand. We're working with unknown  
factors. Nothing's guaranteed.

CAMERA PULLS BACK so that we are SHOOTING PAST Louise and Scott  
from behind. Latter's coat is off. One sleeve is rolled up.  
Silver takes a swab of cotton from the mouth of an alcohol  
bottle, starts toward Scott.

DR. SILVER  
We're fifty per cent sure this will (X)  
be effective.

93 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

holding a tight clamp on his emotions as he listens.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE  
For the other fifty per cent - we'll  
just have to pray.

Scott answers with a solemn nod.

94 THREE SHOT - SCOTT, LOUISE, SILVER

SHOOTING from behind Scott as Silver swabs his arm with the  
cotton.

LOUISE  
How long before we'll know?

SILVER  
We'll keep Mr. Carey under observa-  
tion here for a week. We should  
have the answer then.  
(to Scott)  
Ready?

95 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

SCOTT  
(almost a whisper)  
Ready.

He looks toward his o.s. bared arm, winces as the needle hits,  
looks away toward Louise, also o.s.

RAS

CONTINUED

d1 #412 - Changes 3/1/56

34

95 CONTINUED

SCOTT

One week.

He grins ruefully.

DISSOLVE TO

96 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAWN

A typical hospital double room. Curtains are closed against the greyish morning light. We see Scott's attenuated figure in one bed, Louise in the other.

97 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

He is lying starkly awake.

SCOTT

(low)

You awake, Lou?

98 MED. SHOT - LOUISE - SCOTT (PRINT IN SCOTT)

(X)

as she turns toward him onto her side.

LOUISE

Yes. It's almost morning. You haven't slept much.

He turns onto his side to face her.

SCOTT

(almost a whisper)

I'm afraid, Louise.

(a measured objectivity)

Everything that's happened - all the - terrors - I've never been as frightened as now. All week I've been thinking about those scales - what they'll say this morning. That's a crazy thing, isn't it? All day long people put pennies in weighing machines and walk away.

(beat)

We'll read my life -- our lives in those numbers.

99 OMITTED

RAS

100 MED. SHOT - LOUISE

a glint of tears in her eyes.

LOUISE

The anti-toxin's going to work,  
Scott. We're going to have our  
lives back again; we're going to  
be normal and happy.

101 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT - LOUISE

as he lowers his head to the pillow, feeling the comfort of her  
words. A wistful smile touches his lips. The o.s. DOOR OPENS,  
LIGHTS CLICK ON.

102 FULL SHOT - NURSE IN DOORWAY

Hospital corridor is b.g. The NURSE, holding a clipboard, is  
hopelessly cheery.

NURSE

We're all ready for you, Mr. Carey.

She crosses to draw curtains.

NURSE

It's going to be a lovely day.

103 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he sits.

SCOTT

(easily)

We hope so, Miss Maltby.

He reaches for his robe as we

DISSOLVE TO

104 and 105 CLOSE ON - WEIGHING MECHANISM

Dr. Silver's HAND prods a small sliding weight across the  
calibrated bar of the medical scales. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO  
INT. DR. SILVER'S LABORATORY - FULL SHOT - SCOTT, LOUISE,  
SILVER, NURSE.

Scott, his back to camera, is on the scales. Louise watches  
anxiously. The nurse stands with pencil and clipboard. Silver  
reads the weight.

RAS

CONTINUED



fg #412 - Changes 3/1/56

36

104  
and  
105

CONTINUED

(X)

DR. SILVER  
Weight - fifty-two pounds.

The nurse makes a notation. Silver slides the height bar toward Scott's head.

106 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

locked in tension as height bar settles against his scalp.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE  
Height - thirty-six and a half  
inches.

107 MED. SHOT - SILVER

DR. SILVER  
(to nurse)  
What was last week's reading?

108 MED. FULL SHOT - NURSE AND LOUISE

the nurse consulting clipboard.

NURSE  
Weight - fifty-two pounds.

109 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

NURSE'S VOICE  
Height - thirty-six and a half  
inches. No change, doctor.

Scott almost sags. He grips the height bar, steadying himself.

110 SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW - LOUISE

as she takes step toward camera.

LOUISE  
(almost a sob)  
It's over, Scott. You're going to  
be all right...

111 SCOTT

eyes shifting to Silver.

RAS

CONTINUED

fg #412 - 2/3/56

37

111 CONTINUED

SCOTT  
How long will it take, Dr. Silver -  
to be - normal again?

112 GROUP SHOT - FEATURING SILVER - SHOOTING PAST SCOTT  
Silver avoids Scott's eyes, extends hand to take clipboard  
from nurse.

DR. SILVER  
That'll be all, Miss Maltby.  
Nurse EXITS. Silver frowns down at clipboard.

DR. SILVER  
Mr. Carey, we seem to have checked  
the degenerative process of your  
disease.  
113 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SILVER  
as he looks up at Scott.

DR. SILVER  
We've won that much. Whether or  
not you'll grow again is another  
question.

114 MED. SHOT - LOUISE  
as her eyes close in shock and anguish.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE  
At this moment the growth capacity  
of your body is as limited as any  
adult's.

115 MED. SHOT - SCOTT  
He struggles to maintain his emotions in check.

DR. SILVER'S VOICE  
To help you - we face a whole new  
set of problems.

SCOTT  
Then I'll spend the rest of my life -  
like this?

RAS

rp #412 - Changes 3/1/56

38

116 FULL SHOT - FEATURING DR. SILVER

attempting to convey authority and comfort.

DR. SILVER

Mr. Carey, I assure you we'll go on working. Every day we'll push our knowledge further. One day - we might have the whole answer.

117 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

He nods numbly.

SCOTT

Thank you, doctor.

He looks up to Louise, o.s., as we

DISSOLVE TO

118 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - LOUISE - NIGHT -SPLIT SCREEN (X)

The scene is casual - Louise sitting on the couch, thumbing through the paper - the cat curled beside her. Scott's jacket lies over arm of couch.

119 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

lost in the expanse of an arm chair, a photograph album lying open in his lap. His eyes stare broodingly into space.

SCOTT'S VOICE

The doctors - psychologists - even Louise - all said the same thing. I'd have to learn to adjust to my new condition.

His eyes drop to the album.

120 INSERT - ALBUM - SCOTT - (OVERSIZE SET) (X)

CAMERA PANS over three black-and-white photographs: Scott and Louise happily arm in arm, leaning against a railing; Scott and Louise in swim suits aboard their vacation-cruise boat; Scott and Louise sitting on a picnic blanket, kissing.

SCOTT'S VOICE

But I had a memory - a recollection of other times. And I adjusted only to the pain. I learned how to live with it, But not how to erase it.

LOUISE'S VOICE

RAS

Do you want the paper, Scott?

121 UP ANGLE SHOT - LOUISE AND SCOTT - (SPLIT SCREEN)

(X)

SCOTT'S VOICE

No. No, thank you.

LOUISE

(folding paper)

Coming to bed?

SCOTT'S VOICE

Soon.

LOUISE

Good night, then.

She smiles, crosses toward hallway.

122 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

looking after her.

SCOTT

(softly)

Good night, Louise.

His tormented glance follows her as:

SCOTT'S VOICE

Louise - so strong - so brave.  
What was I doing to her?

His mouth twists bitterly as:

SCOTT'S VOICE

I loathed myself then as I never  
loathed any living creature!

With a STRANGLED CRY he dashes the album to the floor, springs  
up. CAMERA PANS him to take up jacket on couch as:

SCOTT'S VOICE

And I fled the house. For the  
first time since it happened, I  
ran into the night - alone.

He crosses O.S. as we

DISSOLVE TO

RAS

123 EXT. STREET - MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT - NIGHT

as he lunges into the night.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

124 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT - NIGHT

a pathetic, child-like figure, walking the dark street. A passing PEDESTRIAN looks back at him with curiosity.

DISSOLVE TO

125 EXT. CARNIVAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT (STOCK) - NIGHT

to give the sense of a gaudy collection of sideshows and amusements pitched on lot just off street. We hear all the BOISTEROUS HOOP-LA of the carnival.

126 EXT. OPPOSITE SIDEWALK - LONG SHOT - SCOTT

walking slowly. He stops, attention riveted on o.s. carnival. ATMOSPHERE SOUNDS COME OVER.

127 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

staring past camera, his mouth clamped bitterly.

128 THE CARNIVAL - FULL SHOT - FREAK SHOW

Signs decked about the freak-show tent proclaim the bizarre delights of the interior. Constructed in front of tent is a platform on which a BARKER stands, offering a sample of the show. Arrayed about him are a THIN MAN, FAT LADY, BEARDED LADY, ALLIGATOR BOY, etc. The barker CLANGS a pull-string BELL as:

BARKER

Yes, sir, folks, it's the big side show! See the Bearded Lady, the Snake Woman, the Alligator Boy! See all the freaks of nature! They'll all entertain you on the inside. They'll make you smile, they'll make you laugh!

(X)

129 BACK TO SCOTT - MED. SHOT

his forehead stippled with perspiration, his face reflecting revulsion. And the c.s. CLANGING of the bell. Grimacing, Scott turns OUT OF SCENE.

FAS

cmb #1828 - Changes 5/18/56

41

130 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

SHOOTING FROM BEHIND as he crosses away from us to enter a small cafe.

131 INT. CAFE - WINDOW SHOT - SCOTT AND WAITER

The cafe has a counter (part of which is o.s.) and three or four booths. SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW we see Scott from behind as he goes to counter, asks for a cup of coffee. The waiter draws it, hands it to him. Scott carries cup to corner booth.

132 INT. CAFE - AT CORNER BOOTH - SCOTT

as he slides into booth, raises the coffee to his lips with trembling hands. He stares into his cup, unaware that a second person has ENTERED SCENE. This is CLARICE BRUCE. She is a midget, about Scott's size - pretty, perfectly proportioned, about twenty-eight. Casually dressed, she is carrying a cup of coffee as she comes up to table.

CLARICE

Hello. Mind if I sit down?

Scott looks up, stares incredulously. It is a moment before he finds his voice.

SCOTT

Please....

He continues to stare as Clarice sits across from him, sugars her coffee as:

CLARICE

I haven't seen you before. You coming with the carnival?

SCOTT

No, I...No.

CLARICE

Just visiting?

SCOTT

(after a beat)

Yes.

Clarice holds her cup in both hands, smiles at him.

CLARICE

I'm Clarice Bruce.

Billy Curtis passes by, facing Scott.

BILLY

(waving his hand and smiling)

Hi.

Scott reacts.

RAS

CONTINUED

amo #412

42

132 CONTINUED

She is carrying the cup to her lips as:

SCOTT  
(with difficulty)  
My name is - Scott Carey.

Clarice freezes, now is staring at him as she slowly lowers her cup.

CLARICE  
I see.  
(starts off  
seat)  
Look, I'm sorry. Maybe you don't  
want any company...

SCOTT  
(a sudden eagerness)  
No! Please don't!  
(she looks at him  
questioningly)  
I - want you to stay. Talk to  
me...

Clarice relaxes, smiles softly.

CLARICE  
All right.

For a moment they continue to stare at each other; then, as if  
with shame, Scott's eyes turn down to the table.

SCOTT  
(anguished)  
How do you live with it, Miss  
Bruce? What do you do...?

Her eyes are soft with compassion as she replies.

CLARICE  
I was born a midget. That's the  
way I learned the world. I know  
what's happened to you. It's  
different.

Scott's eyes come back to hers.

SCOTT  
(he repeats the  
word distastefully)  
"Different." That's another way of  
saying "alone."

RAS

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED -2

CLARICE  
You're not alone now.  
(a few beats)  
I guess it's hard to forget -  
the way things were.

SCOTT  
(nod; beat)  
If I could burn out the memory...

He lets the thought trail off.

CLARICE  
(softly)  
Maybe the way to begin is to start  
thinking about the future.

SCOTT  
A future in a world of giants?

CLARICE  
I've lived among them all my life.  
(she leans forward  
earnestly)  
Scott, for people like you and me  
the world can be a good place. The  
sky's as blue as it is for the  
giants - the friends as warm - love  
can be as wonderful.

Frowning, Scott searches her face.

SCOTT  
If I could believe that...

CLARICE  
You have to believe it - don't you?

And as Scott ponders her words, the frown is erased.

SCOTT  
Give me time, Clarice. I'll learn.

133 NEW ANGLE - SCOTT AND CLARICE

She looks down at her wrist watch, slides from the booth and  
stands as:

CLARICE  
I'll be late for my show.

RAS

CONTINUED



44  
== Scott quickly slides out to face her. He is about two inches taller. ==

SCOTT

Can I see you again?

CLARICE

(a warm smile)

If you like.

(her eyes go to

Scott's forehead)

You know - you're taller than I am, Scott.

She turns, EXITS SCENE. CAMERA HOLDS ON SCOTT as he looks after her and we

DISSOLVE TO

134 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - SCOTT - DAY

He is seated before a desk tailored to his size and littered with writing materials. There is a sense of adjustment about him now, and of vitality, as he writes in a notebook. CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES IN as:

SCOTT'S VOICE

That night I got a grip on life again. I went back to work on my book. It absorbed me completely.

He looks up thoughtfully. A half smile touches his lips as he continues writing.

SCOTT'S VOICE

I was telling the world of my experience. And with the telling - it became easier.

DISSOLVE TO

135

&

136

OMITTED

136-A EXT. CORNER OF PARK - MED. CLOSE SHOT - CLARICE - DAY

Clarice slowly crosses the secluded glade, CAMERA PANNING WITH her. Completely absorbed in reading Scott's manuscript, she reaches a bench where Scott, his legs dangling, waits anxiously for her reaction. Clarice raises her eyes, poignantly affected by what she has just read.

CLARICE

(quietly)

Scott... I think it's just fine.

RF

CONTINUED

136-A CONTINUED

SCOTT

I'm no writer. I'm just trying to  
tell - what it's like.

He reaches out for her hand.

SCOTT

Clarice, you don't know what it's  
meant to me - meeting someone like  
you - someone who understands.

CLARICE

(warmly)

You're so much better now.

SCOTT

Thanks to you...

She smiles, shakes her head.

CLARICE

Not me, Scott. Yourself. You've  
just stopped running.

SCOTT

(slowly)

All I know is, I can wake up in the  
morning and - want to live again.

(savoring it)

Actually want to live...

And now Scott grins at her.

SCOTT

Funny thing - sometimes while I'm  
working I begin to think - it's  
the world that's changed. That  
I'm the normal one.

Clarice matches his grin.

CLARICE

I guess that's a good sign.

(gaily)

Everybody's out of step but you and me.

They laugh together. Scott swings off the bench.

SCOTT

(gaily)

Come on - I'll buy you a drink.

(X)

Suddenly Scott freezes, the happiness of the moment swept away  
by a new disturbance. His eyes sweep Clarice.

RF

CONTINUED

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CLARICE

(alarmed)

What is it, Scott?

His stark gaze settles on her forehead.

SCOTT

(strained)

Two weeks ago - I was taller than  
you - you said so yourself!

CLARICE

(at a loss)

Yes - I remember...

SCOTT

(piercing)

Can't you see? I'm shorter now!

CLARICE

(low and frightened)

Oh, Scott...

Scott takes an uneven step back.

SCOTT

(brokenly)

It's starting again!

His face ripped by pain, by the realization of what this means  
to him, Scott begins a horrified retreat, CAMERA WITH him.

SCOTT

(anguished)

It's starting!

Once more, his voice breaking:

SCOTT

(panicked)

It's starting again!

He turns away, stumbling off in blind flight.

137 MED. SHOT - CLARICE

looking helplessly after him.

DISSOLVE TO

IF

137-A INT. SCOTT'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Louise is vacuuming the rug, we HEAR the SLAM of the front door. She looks up - shuts off the vacuum cleaner - takes a few steps into the hall.

LOUISE

You're back early, Scott --

She stops, puzzled by what she sees.

137-B MED. SHOT - SCOTT (OVERSIZE SET) POINT OF VIEW FROM LOUISE

Scott is standing with his back to camera - seemingly staring at the wall. He is motionless.

137-C CLOSE SHOT - LOUISE

LOUISE

(gently)

What's the matter, Scott? Didn't Clarice like your book?

137-D MED. SHOT - SCOTT

He doesn't answer. He remains immobile.

137-E CLOSE SHOT - LOUISE

She is alarmed.

LOUISE

Scott -- don't you hear me?

Concerned, she walks toward him.

137-F MED. FULL SHOT - SPLIT SCREEN - LOUISE AND SCOTT

Louise walks into SHOT, stops, looks at him.

LOUISE

(concerned)

What happened? --- Are you all right?

His back still turned toward Louise:

SCOTT

(quietly)

RAS

Call Doctor Bramson.

Fear racing through her.  
== Script Fly.com ==

46-B

137-H MED. FULL SHOT - SPLIT SCREEN - LOUISE AND SCOTT

He slowly turns to her, his face drained of emotion.

SCOTT  
(flatly)  
It's starting again.

Both stand immobile - too overcome to make a move.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

138 INT. DOLL-HOUSE LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - SCOTT - NIGHT

He appears perfectly proportioned in a normal-sized room. Latter is markedly simple in its structure and furnishings.

Wearing a two-piece, white pajama-like costume, Scott is engrossed in fashioning a sandal-type of footwear from a small piece of leather. The tool he employs is an irregular blade, its handle wrapped in adhesive tape. He is already wearing a similar sandal. With a final cut he slips the first sandal on his bare foot, tries it. Satisfied, he lays tool on table, crosses, CAMERA PANNING, to a stairway, mounts toward second floor.

139 AT HEAD OF STAIRS - DOWN ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT

climbing toward us. Now we HEAR a GIANT CRASH, as of an immense DOOR CLOSING, and the JARRING THUD of GARGANTUAN FOOTSTEPS. The entire house shakes. Scott, almost losing his balance in the earthquake-like effect, clings to the stair railing. After a moment, FOOTSTEPS CEASE. Scott bolts up stairs, past camera.

140 INT. BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Again the stark simplicity of furnishing and setting. As Scott ENTERS we hear LOUISE'S VOICE, vibrant and booming.

LOUISE'S VOICE

Scott?

Scott grimaces, holds his ears as if in pain, crosses toward curtained double-doors to balcony.

LOUISE'S VOICE

Scott - are you there!

He wrenches at door handles.

141 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - LOUISE AND DOLL HOUSE

Our setting now is the living room of the second Carey house. Louise, a scribbled shopping list in her hand, a coat over her arm, is kneeling by a two-story doll house set against the wall. Jutting out from second floor is a balcony with double doors leading into house. Doors open and Scott COMES OUT. He is four inches tall.

Louise's face, markedly drawn, is composed into an attitude of reassurance. As she speaks her voice is pitched low. In their conversation it is necessary for Scott to bellow his words.

RAS

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED

SCOTT  
(querulously)  
Do you have to bang around the  
house? I told you what happens  
in there!

LOUISE  
I'm sorry, Scott. I try to be  
careful.

Suspiciously he eyes the coat over her arm.

SCOTT  
You're going out.

LOUISE  
Yes - for a little while.

SCOTT  
Where?

LOUISE  
Just to the corner - to the  
drugstore.

SCOTT  
You'll come right back?

LOUISE  
(cheerfully)  
Of course I will. Now why don't  
you take a rest. Tomorrow you  
have to give Dr. Silver another  
blood sample.

SCOTT  
All right. Go ahead. Be sure  
the doors are locked.

He TURNS BACK INSIDE the doll house. The doors close.

142 MED. SHOT - LOUISE

as she rises. Now we see her complete weariness and dejection.  
Still with coat and shopping list, she crosses to entrance hall.

143 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - LOUISE

as she lays shopping list on table next to purse, puts on her  
coat, picks up purse, crosses to open front door. Now she  
remembers the list, turns back for it. The door is left ajar.

RAS

== Script Fly.com ==  
 144 LOW POSITION SHOT - THE CAT

as it darts through open door toward kitchen.

145 FULL SHOT - LOUISE

as she EXITS with shopping list, firmly closing door. CAMERA PANS to kitchen door and cat coming toward us.

146 INT. DOLL-HOUSE BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Sunk in abject misery, he sits on edge of bed, hands pressed to his temples. CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY TOWARD HIM as:

SCOTT'S VOICE

Everyday it was worse - everyday a little smaller. And everyday I became more tyrannical, more monstrous in my domination of Louise. Heaven knows how she lived through those weeks.

His hands drop; he sits looking blankly into his wretchedness.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Only I had the power to release her - if I could find the courage to end my wretched existence.

He slumps back, head resting on the pillow.

SCOTT'S VOICE

But each day I thought: perhaps tomorrow. Tomorrow the doctors will save me.

His eyes close.

147 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - CAT AND DOLL HOUSE

as the cat moves toward doll house, MEWING SOFTLY.

148 INT. DOLL-HOUSE BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as we saw him in Sc. 146. Now his eyes re-open as a GROTESQUE SOUND comes over scene - the CAT'S MEWING AMPLIFIED to a HARSH SHRIEK. Scott lies rigidly, listening. He snaps to his feet, eyes panning for the source of the sound which abruptly STOPS. He crosses quickly to EXIT bedroom.

EAS



149 BASE OF DOLLEHOUSE STAIRS - UP ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT

descending staircase, freezing in mid-stairs as SOUND RESUMES.  
He looks over railing toward living room.

150 ANGLE INTO DOLLHOUSE LIVING ROOM

SHOOTING PAST SCOTT as he sees living room curtains billowing.  
SOUND STOPS. Scott continues downstairs and into living room.

151 INT. DOLLEHOUSE LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT SCOTT AND PROCESS

Frowning, frightened, he stands in the center of the room,  
looking about. Complete silence now; the living room curtains  
are still. Summoning his courage, he crosses to front door,  
CAMERA PANNING. His hand on the knob an instant: then he  
swings it wide.

Outside the door, the cat - a gargantuan, nightmare beast,  
its face pressed to opening, its jaws drawn back in a SNARL.

152 EXT. DOLLHOUSE DOOR - SCOTT

reeling back in terror as the CAT'S CLAWED PAW rips at him  
through door. He throws himself to one side, slams door as  
paw flicks back. A SPITTING SCREECH from the cat; then  
silence again.

153 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - CAT AND DOLLHOUSE

as the cat crouches back, turns its attention to the side of  
the dollhouse.

154 INT. DOLLHOUSE LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

We are SHOOTING PAST him toward door as he continues his slow  
retreat toward camera. His hand reaches toward a table to  
take the knife with which he fashioned the sandal.

155 REVERSE ANGLE - SCOTT

moving back from CAMERA now, looking past us toward o.s. door.  
Behind him is an open window, partially curtained. Through the  
exposed section we see the giant cat, crouched low, looking  
in. Scott is retreating directly toward it.

Now as he almost reaches the window, the cat SNARLS.

RAS

156 INT. DOLL-HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT - SCOTT

He whirls and CRIES OUT as the CAT'S PAW LASHES INTO SCENE, clawing his shoulder and ripping away a portion of his shirt. Scott strikes with the knife. An O.S. SCREAM OF PAIN from the cat. Scott runs, CAMERA PANNING, toward stairway.

157 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - DOLL HOUSE AND CAT

The cat, backed off a little from the doll house, moves in to thrust its muzzle between the house and the living room wall against which it is backed.

158 INT. DOLL HOUSE - AT BASE OF STEPS - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

GASPING, he reaches stairs, starts up, is suddenly flung down as the entire house shivers and shifts, the effect being that of a major earthquake.

159 INT. DOLL HOUSE LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - CAT AND SCOTT - PROCESS

The doll house has been forced away from the wall, revealing (X) the exposed rear section into which the cat is thrusting head and paws.

160 INT. DOLL-HOUSE LIVING ROOM - BASE OF STAIRS - SCOTT - PROCESS

Stunned by his fall, he rises unsteadily to his feet, looks toward rear of living room as he hears the SAVAGE SCREAM of the CAT. His face twists in terror.

161 ANGLE TO EXPOSED LIVING ROOM WALL - THE CAT - SCOTT - PROCESS

SHOOTING PAST Scott to the cat squirming head and paws through exposed wall. Scott turns, runs toward us.

162 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he flings himself toward front door of doll house, wrenches it open, RUNS OUT.

163 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - DOWN ANGLE SHOT

to the minute Scott dashing across living room as cat worries rear of doll house.

RAS

- 164 AT CHAIR LEG - FULL SHOT - SCOTT  
Scott appears full size to us as he runs toward giant sofa leg, takes refuge behind it.
- 165 BEHIND CHAIR LEG - MED. SHOT - SCOTT  
Chest heaving, trembling, safe for this instant behind the chair leg, he looks out toward dollhouse.
- 166 SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW - CAT AND DOLLHOUSE  
the cat still intent on searching out its quarry in the dollhouse. CAMERA PANS to open entrance from living room to hallway.
- 167 BEHIND CHAIR LEG - MED. SHOT - SCOTT  
as he resolves on a dash to hallway. He draws his shaking hand across his mouth, looks to the cat, back to living room exit, runs forward.
- 168 DOWN ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT - PRINT IN SCOTT  
his tiny figure dashing across the prairie-like expanse of living room rug toward exit to hallway.
- 169 FULL SHOT - THE CAT  
as its attention snaps up from dollhouse. It streaks O.S.
- 170 FULL SHOT (TRUCKING) - SCOTT - CAT - PROCESS AND TREADMILL  
CAMERA is TRUCKING WITH HIM in his flight from pursuing cat, CAT'S PAW raking Scott's back and flinging him down.
- 171 MED. SHOT - SCOTT  
face down on rug. He turns onto his back, starts to rise, YELLS in terror.
- 172 VERY CLOSE SHOT - THE CAT AND SCOTT - PROCESS  
SHOOTING PAST SCOTT in f.g. to reveal the immensity of the CAT crouched before him.

RAS

== Script Fly.com ==

173 MED. FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Fear-stricken SOBS are mingled with his breathing as, his eyes never leaving the cat, he tries to move back. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS a little to show him retreating against the leg of a table, along which hangs a lamp cord. Again the FLICKING CAT PAW batting him down.

174 FULL SHOT - THE CAT

The cat squirming forward on its belly, playing with its victim now, its paws resting on either side of Scott.

175 FULL SHOT - SCOTT, CAT

as again he rises, back pressed against table leg, hand coming back to accidentally touch the electric cord. His eyes leave the cat, register the cord, turn up for:

176 SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW - TABLE LAMP

SHOOTING UP lamp cord to the olympian heights of the table top and the lamp placed near its edge.

177 MED. SHOT - SCOTT AND CAT

as cat SNARLS, raises paw in a threatening movement. Scott grasps the electric cord, snap-tugs it with all his weight and strength.

178 FULL SHOT - THE CAT, LAMP

The lamp, hauled from its base, crashes down beside cat, smothering it in litter of ripped shade and cord.

179 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

behind table leg now. Living room exit and hallway are in b.g. SNARLS and writhing of cat come to us as Scott runs across open area to pass into hall.

180 INT. HALLWAY - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Angle EMPHASIZES CELLAR DOOR toward which Scott is running. The door, adjacent to kitchen, stands ajar about two inches.

Q #412 - Changes 3/1/56

54

181 INT. LIVING ROOM - THE CAT

disentangled from the lamp, it springs toward hall.

182 AT BASE OF CELLAR DOOR - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

we hear SCAMPERING and SHRIEKING of cat as Scott RUNS INTO SCENE through open door into semi-darkness, raking cat's paw streaks after him. (X)

183 THE DOOR - ANOTHER ANGLE

as the pursuing cat hits the door, WHINES and CLAWS at the opening.

184 HEAD OF CELLAR STAIRS - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Scene is illuminated by light entering from hall and by street lamp shining through o.s. cellar window. Scott stands on top step, retreating from CAT'S ONSLAUGHT at DOOR OPENING. He is almost at edge of step.

185 SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW - CELLAR STEPS

to emphasize the precipice-like nature of each rise and the vast height of top steps over cellar floor.

186 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

as he shrinks back against the door at the hinged section farthest removed from the cat.

187 INT. CAREY ENTRANCE HALL - FULL SHOT - FRONT DOOR

SOUND of KEY IN LOCK and door opens. Louise ENTERS, carrying a package. We are aware of a gust of wind through the open door.

188 FULL SHOT - CELLAR DOOR - THE CAT

The cat, distracted by the sound of Louise's entrance has moved back from cellar door. Latter, impelled by draft, begins to swing shut.

RAS

Q #412

55

189 TOP OF CELLAR STEPS - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

thrusting himself back to avoid the SLAMMING DOOR. With a DESPERATE CRY he tries to regain his balance, pitches into space.

190 INT. CELLAR - UP ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT'S FIGURE

SHOOTING UP side of stairs toward gloomy heights of top step. Scott's figure hurtles past us. We HEAR A PADDED THUD as it lands.

191 DOWN ANGLE - CATCH-ALL BOX

SHOOTING DOWN into an open-topped wooden crate into which a collection of cellar junk has been dumped. There is an empty cookie carton, some nails, an empty shoe polish can, a pile of rags, etc. Scott's stunned body lies on the rags, surrounded by the towering walls of the box. O.S. Louise SCREAMS.

LOUISE'S VOICE

(pure horror)

SCOTT!

192 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - LOUISE AND DOLL HOUSE

Louise's terrified eyes are on the wreckage of the doll house. Now she starts with shock as the cat, with a LITTLE CRY, scuttles past her. Louise drops on her knees by the doll house.

193 CLOSER SHOT - LOUISE

panicked eyes darting through the wreckage.

LOUISE

Scott!

Her glance focuses on an o.s. object. Her hand reaches for it, brings it INTO SCENE. It is a bloodied scrap of Scott's shirt. A little MOAN passes her lips. Now her eyes snap toward camera, staring at:

194 LOW POSITION SHOT - THE CAT

resting on floor, watching her.

DISSOLVE TO

RAS

*Use 292  
here*

195 INT. CELLAR - FULL SHOT - DAY

This is in the nature of an ESTABLISHING SHOT to refresh our geography of the cellar. Daylight filters in to reveal the half-cellar nature of the construction. Only half the basement is paved; at end of paved section is a half-wall topped by a dirt shelf extending under balance of house. It is on this shelf that Louise placed the uneaten portion of her cake. Adjacent to it is the dressmaker's dummy. At its base is an orange crate containing cans of paint.

CAMERA ANGLES to EMPHASIZE the box into which Scott has fallen; it rests on cellar floor against rise of stairwell.

196 ANGLE INTO BOX

to REVEAL a portion of Scott's prone figure. He stirs with returning consciousness.

197 INT. BOX - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he becomes fully awake. For a moment he lies with his eyes open, stomach down, cheek pressed into bed of rags. Then with the full stab of memory, he slowly tries to rise, but falls back. We are aware of his physical pain, his fright and confusion.

SCOTT'S VOICE

My return to consciousness was a  
plunge into a new level of pain.  
I realized I had fallen into a box.

He looks up.

198 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - WALLS OF BOX

towering far above us.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Its walls enclosed me like some  
gigantic pit.

199 INT. BOX - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

He tries to rise again. He looks around in desperation.

SCOTT'S VOICE

In the fall I had injured my leg.  
I had to escape out of the box to  
somehow reach Louise -- to survive.

He looks toward the other end of the box, discovering a vertical crack through which he might escape.

RAS

200 POINT OF VIEW - SLIT IN BOX END

201 INT. BOX - MED. SHOT - SCOTT

He painfully makes his way to the slit. He attempts to push himself through the crack. He is too big, and because of his injury he can't reach to where the crack is wider. Exhausted by his efforts, he leans panting against the wall in anguish.

SCOTT'S VOICE

I wanted to scream and beat the walls of my prison. Then as I shivered in the cold air of the cellar, I felt hunger and thirst.

He looks around, sees a rag, throws it over his shivering shoulders. Seeing something o.s. CAMERA PANS him a few steps as he struggles to a stale piece of bread. He hungrily breaks off a piece and eats it; looks up at the crack.

SCOTT'S VOICE

I was too badly injured to attempt the crack in the box. My only hope was to get strong enough to try before I would be too small.

He pulls the rag closer around him and leans back against the wall.

DISSOLVE TO

201-A INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

COMMENTATOR is seated at desk before backing rigged like a study. In foreground is TV camera, CAMERA OPERATOR, sound boom, SOUND MAN etc. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN on commentator.

COMMENTATOR

From Los Angeles today -- a tragic story -- the passing of Robert Scott Carey. The report of the death of the so-called Shrinking Man comes from his brother. Carey's death was the result of an attack by a common house cat -- a former pet in the Carey home.

Camera is now HOLDING a big CLOSEUP of the commentator.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

RAS



mb #1828 - Changes 5/2/56

57-A

201-B INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - TV SCREEN

Set is tuned to the commentator. CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE Marty, watching and listening. He stands quite close to the set and the volume is low.

COMMENTATOR

Carey was the victim of the most fantastic ailment in the annals of medicine. He had been shrinking ever since.....

NURSE'S VOICE

Mr. Carey --

Marty clicks off set. CAMERA PANS as he crosses to nurse.

MARTY

Yes!

NURSE

You may go up now. She wants to see you.

MARTY

Is she all right?

NURSE

Barely resting. The doctor gave her a heavy sedative, but it's hardly working at all.

MARTY

I see --

He starts up the stairs.

NURSE

I'll get that prescription filled -  
I'll be back in a minute.

MARTY

Fine.

He goes up. CAMERA PANS with nurse as she picks up coat from hall closet next to cellar door. CAMERA STAYS on cellar door as nurse leaves.

FADE OUT

RAS

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57-B

FADE IN

201-C INT. CELLAR - DAY

SHOOTING UP at the cellar door. CAMERA PANS from door down to box - moves into CLOSEUP of crack in box.

201-D INT. BOX WALL AND CRACK

Scott, now two inches tall, dressed in a makeshift poncho made from the rag he had, is dragging the shoe polish can over to the crack which is now too high for him to reach.

SCOTT'S VOICE

While my leg healed, the crust of bread barely stopped my gnawing hunger. I was getting smaller. I had to get out before it was too late.

202 OMITTED

203 BASE OF SLIT - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

He pushes lid against wall below slit, climbs onto it and is now able to reach bottom of slit.

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58

204 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

Scott climbs on up into slit to area where its width will permit passage of his small body.

205 EXT. BOX - MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT

SHOOTING TO EXTERIOR OF BOX now as Scott squirms through slit. hangs for an instant, drops to cellar floor. He scrambles to his feet.

206 INT. CELLAR - LONG SHOT - SCOTT

his minute figure crossing to base of cellar steps.

207 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

coming on camera. He stops, looks up, his features flooding with despair.

208 SCOTT LOOKING UP STAIRS -

like tiers of escarpments rising to shadowed, stratospheric heights.

SCOTT'S VOICE

The stairs stretched above me - as far as I could see - cliff rising upon cliff.

RAS

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209 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

SCOTT'S VOICE  
I knew I could never scale them.

His agony screams into the deserted reaches of the cellar,  
bouncing back with a slight echo.

SCOTT  
(shout)  
Louise! Hear me! Louise!

210 MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT

as he stands at base of stairs, straining his words toward the  
distant summit. The sound, as it reaches us, is attenuated.

SCOTT  
The cellar! Look in the cellar!

211 VERY LONG SHOT - SCOTT

Our ANGLE gives us WIDE VIEW of CELLAR in which Scott's figure  
is just discernable. His voice comes to us as a thin piping.

SCOTT  
For the love of heaven, look for  
me!

212 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

moist-faced, already wearied by the effort of shouting.

SCOTT  
(shout)  
Louise...

The word trails off in a hopeless SOB. Now he becomes aware of  
a SOUND coming from o.s. - a LOUD PLOP - a beat of a few seconds,  
A SECOND PLOP. Searching out the source of the sound, his eyes  
go to:

213 VIEW POINT - BASE OF WATER HEATER

(X)

ANGLE which includes lower section of water heater, FEATURES A  
DRIP emanating from flange of pipe coupling to heater. Nearby  
on the floor is a large two-part match box resting on its side  
and slipped open about half an inch. A drop of water falls from  
the leak.

(X)

RAS

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214 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

ENTERS to water heater, hands outstretched to cup the next drop. He catches a portion of it, raises the water to his lips, drinks. He continues to catch water, splash it onto his face.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Eventually Louise would come to the cellar. Until then I had to keep myself alive with whatever resources I could discover in my basement universe - and in myself.

He turns from water heater, moving to point where he can command view of basement.

215 SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW (PANNING) - THE CELLAR

The gray plain of the basement stretches before us into a distant sea of shadows. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS to pick out articles which litter the floor: the box by the staircase into which Scott fell, a few nails, a button, a couple of pop bottles, the distant sewing box on the floor beside the dressmaker's dummy, Louise's tape measure still hanging where she left it.

SCOTT'S VOICE

The cellar floor stretched before me like some vast, primeval plain - empty of life - littered with the relics of a vanished race. No desert-island castaway ever faced so bleak a prospect.

216 DOWN ANGLE MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT

as he turns toward water heater.

SCOTT'S VOICE

I had discovered a water supply --  
(crosses to match  
box, examines it  
briefly)  
-- and even a dwelling place.

He DISAPPEARS inside the box.

217 FULL SHOT - ENTRANCE TO MATCH BOX

Scott EMERGES.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Now - the search for food.

RAS

CONTINUED

sm #412 - Changes 2/13/56

217 CONTINUED

He looks down at bagging costume.

SCOTT'S VOICE

I knew my ill-fitting clothes were  
unsuited to the exertions that lay  
before me.

He kneels, places his hand in a rent in the fabric of the  
trousers, tears them.

~~DISSOLVE TO~~

218 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT - LOUISE - DAY

She is seated on the couch, her knees drawn up, a handkerchief . .  
gripped in her hand and held near her face which is averted  
from camera.

MARTY'S VOICE

You can't stay here, Louise. Not  
now!

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Marty. He stands facing her.  
The ordeal of the past hours is reflected in his weariness;  
his shirt is wilted, the collar unbuttoned, the tie loose.

Louise turns toward him. Her features are drawn with weeping.

LOUISE

(dully)

I don't know, Marty. I just don't  
know.

MARTY

(moving closer;  
pleadingly)

Lou, let me help you. You can stay  
with us - just get out of here.

LOUISE

If I could only be sure...

(her glance clings  
to his)

Maybe he's lost - maybe he's hurt  
somewhere...

MARTY

He's dead. I'm his own brother. I  
wouldn't say a thing like that if  
I wasn't sure. You saw the cat -  
the blood...

PAS

CONTINUED

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62

218 CONTINUED

LOUISE  
(cutting in)  
Marty!

Her face is stricken with horror as she brings her hand to her mouth bites hard on the knuckle. She shakes her head, rises, eyes turned away from Marty.

LOUISE  
(broken voiced)  
When I think of how - horrible it  
must have been...

MARTY  
It's an awful thing that's happened - well, it's  
a terrible thing. You must get it  
out of your mind, Louise.

She nods heavily, turns to face him.

LOUISE  
(flat; almost a whisper)  
All right, Marty.

He crosses to pick up telephone.

219 FULL SHOT - LOUISE (MARTY TIPPED IN)

SHOOTING PAST Marty at phone. Louise stands watching him from mid-room.

MARTY  
I'll talk to the real estate people.  
As SOUND of O.S. DIALING COMES OVER, Louise turns abruptly,  
CROSSING OUT of room.

220 INT. CORNER CELLAR - MED. LONG SHOT

We see paint cans, miscellaneous objects, debris, etc., and (X'  
from behind a large paint can Scott comes OUT. He is foraging  
for food. CAMERA PANS to him as he scrambles over bits of dirt  
and rubble.

SCOTT'S VOICE  
I never doubted that sometime Louise  
would come. I couldn't allow myself  
to doubt. I had only to exist, to  
search out enough food to sustain me.  
I was driven by hunger, and also by  
the horrible thought that maybe with-  
out nourishment the shrinking process  
was quickening.

Scott stops as he sees something b.s.

jm #412 - Changes 2/15/56

62-A

220-A SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW

*Red window  
element  
no paper*  
Sitting in the musty corner near the heater is a baited rat trap.

220-B MED. CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

reacting to the sight of food. He turns to the trap, CAMERA PULLS BACK and UP. He climbs up on the trap, looks at the cheese and at the murderous trip band, hesitates, fully aware of the horrible danger of being caught in the trap.

220-C MED. CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

He reaches down for the cheese slowly. Maybe he can pry it loose without opening the trap. He works it gently.

220-D INSERT

of the spring and trip band as it moves slightly under Scott's pressure.

220-E BACK TO MED. SHOT - SCOTT

as he pulls his hand away wary and scared. He looks around for something to spring the trap with.

221 LONG SHOT - FROM HIGH - RUBBLE

as Scott gets off trap, goes to cans to search for some sort of lever.

221-A CLOSE SHOT. - SCOTT

as he finds a nail approximately 3 inches long. He lifts it up, decides it's long enough and heavy enough to use. Turns back and goes to the trap.

221-B MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT

comes back to the trap, using the nail as a spear, pokes at the cheese, trying to trip the mechanism.

221-C CLOSEUP - SCOTT

straining to get enough leverage.



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62-B

221-D OMITTED

221-E MED. LONG SHOT

With a tremendous crash the trap closes, catching the nail. The trap bounces from the force of the released spring knocking Scott off his feet. The small piece of cheese goes flying off screen.

221-F CLOSEUP - CHEESE AND GRATING

as the small piece of cheese rolls onto grating, falling through the hole.

221-G CLOSEUP - SCOTT

following the piece of cheese -- anguished disappointment written on his face. He runs towards grating.

221-H MED. SHOT - SCOTT AT GRATING

looking down into grating. Frustrated - desperately he looks around, walking towards CAMERA. He looks up, stops.

221-I  
thru  
221-N OMITTED

222 SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW - SHELF OF HALF-WALL

CAMERA PANS across shelf. STEADIES on the slice of cake left there by Louise. Adjacent to cake is roll of string, its end dangling out of frame. CAMERA PANS DOWN STRING. We see that end hangs just above the orange crate containing paint can.

223 MED. FULL SHOT - SCOTT

his face flooding with elation. He runs toward crate, CAMERA PANNING.

224 BASE OF CRATE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he moves INTO SCENE, not far from left-hand edge of crate. He looks up, evaluating the climb. Two horizontal boards, separated by a gap of about an inch, form this wall of the box. Each of the sheer boards appears as high as a building.

RAS

CONTINUED

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224 CONTINUED

As Scott contemplates the problem, he hears SOUND of HARSH SCRATCHING, GROWING LOUDER AND MORE TEREATENING. It appears to come from around right-hand edge of crate. Facing the sound, Scott backs off toward left.

225 RIGHT-HAND EDGE OF CRATE - CLOSE SHOT - SPIDER

Shockingly large, repugnant beyond description, a spider crawls around edge of box, its furred legs creating the SCRATCHING SOUND. It is following a diagonal course down right-hand corner of box to cellar floor.

226 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

reacting with fear and loathing as he continues backing toward left-hand corner.

227 FULL SHOT - THE BOX, SCOTT, SPIDER

Scott moves around corner as the spider, unaware of him, drops onto floor.

228 MED. LONG SHOT - THE SPIDER

SHOOTING PAST Scott as spider crawls away from us into shadows.

229 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

his face twisted with revulsion as again he moves back, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH HIM, toward dressmaker's dummy and sewing box. Measuring tape hanging from dummy just reaches floor. Scott retreats against it, turns with a startled gasp. And we see his height measured against the tape: exactly two inches. Scott looks upward.

230 SCOTT'S V.P. - UP DUMMY - TOWARD CAKE

231 FULL SHOT - SCOTT MOVES TO SEWING BOX

A few loops of thread hang over edge of sewing box; protruding over top is a pin cushion. Scott extracts a pin, wields it like a sword to get the heft of it, thrusts it through cord girdling his waist as he looks off in direction in which spider disappeared. Again he evaluates the climb which he must accomplish to attain the food on the shelf. He now touches a couple of needles, finally selects one - the shortest one. He draws it out, leans it against sewing box, reaches for one of the loops of thread. In Scott's dimension, it is as thick as a rope. He draws it out - a cut length corresponding to about thirty feet.

Scott carries thread and needle to cemented half-wall.

232 AT WALL - MED. FULL SHOT - SCOTT

He lays thread on floor, runs his hands over the porous, pitted surface of the wall, selects a crack suitable for his purpose.

CONTINUED

PAS

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232 CONTINUED

Into this he inserts the eye-end of the needle to about half its length, wedging it firmly. Now he throws his weight on the projecting shaft, slowly bending it into the shape of a hook.

This accomplished, he withdraws the needle, inserts the thread into the eye, ties it firmly. He coils the free end of the rope, crosses toward orange crate.

233 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ORANGE CRATE

as Scott APPEARS around left-hand edge, looks up toward gap between the two boards which form the crate's face. Holding the coiled rope loosely, he whirls the hook, lets it fly toward gap.

234 AT GAP - CLOSE SHOT - THE HOOK

Thrown up INTO SCENE, the hook half-catches the edge of wood. But as tension is put on thread it rips free, falls OUT OF FRAME, clatters on floor below. CAMERA HOLDS A FEW BEATS. The HOOK is THROWN UP again. This time it bites firmly into upper edge of first board.

235 BASE OF CRATE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he puts tension on thread. Satisfied, he takes a loop around his body and begins to climb, bracing his feet against side of crate. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS ASCENT until we

WIPE TO

236 INT. CELLAR - AT ORANGE CRATE - TOP EDGE OF FIRST BOARD - FULL SHOT - SCOTT - DAY

Still climbing, he grips top edge of board, pulls himself up into gap. Distance between this board and the one above is about one inch so that there is not sufficient room for him to stand. Kneeling, Scott catches his breath, mops his perspiring face. He throws for second gap, continues his climb to second gap where he rests briefly then looks down.

237 DOWN ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW - TO CELLAR FLOOR  
giving impression of great height and a sheer drop.

238 UP ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT

as he leans out from gap to look up. CAMERA ANGLES to SCOTT PAST HIM toward top of crate. Another cliff to be scaled.

RAS

jm #412

66

239 MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT

as he leans out from edge, eyes turned upward, whirling the hook. He almost loses his balance, totters for a moment, regains his footing. Again the hook whirls, is thrown up OUT OF SCENE. Tension on the thread. It holds. Scott repeats the procedure of taking a bight around his waist. Throwing himself free of the gap, he climbs the rope hand-over-hand until once again he can brace his feet, this time against the second board. He is climbing in this fashion as we

LAP DISSOLVE TO

240 INT. CELLAR - TOP OF CRATE - DOWN ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT - DAY

climbing, straining toward us. Far below Scott is the cellar floor.

One hand curls over top of box. His other hand claws for a grip, slips. For an awful instant his weight is suspended by the single hand-hold. Then his free hand also clamps over top edge of crate and he pulls his body clear. For several seconds he lies prone on the slat, gasping hoarsely. Then he rises to one knee, looks about as he unfastens hook and pulls up thread.

241 ESTABLISHING SHOT - TOP OF CRATE

SHOOTING PAST SCOTT in MED. F.G., we see that two slats, separate by a distance of about five inches, stretch laterally across mouth of crate. Protruding at either end are cans of paint, enormous as water tanks; these make it impossible to reach far side of crate by crossing around the periphery. And it is at the far side that the length of string dangles from the shelf far above.

Extending diagonally about 3/4 of the distance across the chasm between the two slats is the wide, flat handle of a paint brush; dried paint has sealed the bristles to the slat on which Scott stands.

242 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Perplexed by this new problem of crossing the gulf, he slips the coiled thread over his shoulder, moves along slat, CAMERA PANNING past paint brush to point where piled paint cans protrude over edge. His progress is blocked. No chance of crossing there.

He turns back, stops at paint brush, surveys the handle stretching nearly across the chasm.

243 AT PAINT BRUSH - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

He kneels, examines the seal between bristles and slat, rises and crosses to edge where he looks down.

RAS

244 DOWN ANGLE SHOT - BETWEEN SLATS

Light filters only part way into the depths of the box; beyond that: a black pit.

245 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

SHOOTING ALONG paint brush as he climbs onto handle. Jaws tightly clamped, he comes toward us, treading the slippery cat-walk of the brush handle.

246 DOWN ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT

SHOOTING FROM ABOVE AND BEHIND HIM as he continues toward pointed end of handle, poised over the shadowed gulf of the crate's interior.

247 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

SHOOTING FROM FAR SLAT as he reaches end of handle. Now, in order to complete the crossing, it will be necessary for him to jump a distance, in his dimension, of four or five feet. He is gathering strength and courage for the leap as suddenly some of the brush bristles tear loose with a RIPPING SOUND and the handle of the brush slants crazily, dropping about a foot.

His balance destroyed, Scott almost falls, saves himself by dropping to his knees.

248 CLOSER SHOT - SCOTT

as he hugs the point of the vibrating brush, hears the PING-LIKE SOUNDS of INDIVIDUAL BRISTLES TEARING FREE. His terrified glance flicks behind him toward:

249 BRUSH BRISTLES - FULL SHOT

Now only the bottom layer of bristles holds the brush to the slat. Even as we watch, these are tearing free.

250 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

AGAIN SHOOTING FROM FAR SLAT. Scott's glance turns back from bristles, fastens on edge of far slat just in front of camera. As more bristles TEAR LOOSE the handle quivers sickeningly.

With a GASPING YELL of effort, Scott flings himself toward us, grasping the slat. As he does so, brush handle tilts radically; begins to slip into chasm. Scott pulls himself onto slat, looks back as the brush falls; the crate trembles as it CRASHES far below.

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251 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

as he slowly rises, staring down into the bottomless pit of the box. He averts his eyes, turns toward half-wall. The string: He runs toward it, CAMERA PANNING. Reaching it, he looks up. CAMERA TILTS to shelf at top of half-wall, EMPHASIZING the long climb still ahead.

252 BASE OF STRING - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

still looking up. Now he grasps the string, applies tension. It appears safe. Again the bight about his waist. And climbing. CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK as far as feasible, following his long ascent among the cracks and ridges of the half-wall.

WIPE TO

253 INT. CELLAR - ON DIRT SHELF - FULL SHOT - SCOTT - DAY

As he attains the shelf he comes upon a ball of string, a small pair of sewing scissors next to it, and to the left, but o.s., the cake.

(NOTE: Here we establish small, tooth-edge bits of masonry embedded in dirt at top of half-wall.

254 MED. LONG SHOT - THE CAKE, SCOTT

SHOOTING PAST SCOTT as he scrambles along shelf toward slab of cake.

A word of description here: although Scott is not aware of it from his point of view, the cake has crumbled and split into two separate sections. The peripheral strands of the spider web stretch across the portion farthest removed from him.

255 AT CAKE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

The cake is higher than Scott and fills one portion of the screen. Ravenously he digs his hands into the slab, wrests loose a large chunk. As he eats with the first assuagement of appetite, a new hunger takes precedence: the grating, the sunlight! He darts to the ventilator mesh.

256 AT GRATING - MED. CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

The mesh of the grating forms grill-like bars against which he presses himself. His eyes drink in the scene before him. He puts one leg through the small aperture but cannot squeeze his body through.

RAS

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257 EXT. GRATING, BIRD - SCOTT

Beyond the mesh, bright sunlight glints on a sea of sword-like grass. A BIRD flies down, Scott watching from inside grating.

258 REVERSE ANGLE - SCOTT

looking out to us through grill. Desire, near-demented in its intensity, engulfs him as he grips the grating bars, shakes them, his eyes flicking brightly over the scene before him.

259 INT. GRATING - THE BIRD - SCOTT

Alarmed, the bird flies OFF.

260 EXT. GRATING - MED. CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

his eyes following flight of bird. An intermingling of LAUGH AND SOB comes from his lips as he slumps against the bars. Finally he turns, lurches back into dark reaches of cellar.

261 HIGH ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT - THE CELLAR

a grey vista of space, splotched with dark areas of shadow, stretches far below and around us as Scott moves back toward cake.

SCOTT'S VOICE

(bitterly)

My prison. Almost as far as I could see - a grey, friendless desert of space and time.

262 AT CAKE - MED. SHOT - SCOTT

still looking out from shelf, his expression tightening and hardening.

SCOTT'S VOICE

And I resolved that - as man had dominated the world of the sun - so I would dominate my world!

Feverishly he turns to the cake, hauling and tugging at it, shifting it toward the edge. He draws his pin-sword, uses it as prod and lever, tilting the cake forward, inching its center of gravity over the void.

Finally it falls. A dull THUMP of SOUND as it STRIKES THE FLOOR below. And Scott turns to the second slab of cake.

RAS



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263 FULL SHOT - SCOTT, SECOND SLAB, SPIDER WEB

The thick, shiny strands of the enormous web partially imprison the cake. Scott approaches this new problem, wary of touching the web.

264 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

ANGLE INCLUDES several strands of the web. None of them appear to be actually touching the food. Resolved to extricate the cake Scott attempts to shift it. A portion of the slab comes into contact with a strand of the web which VIBRATES with a HIGH-PITCHED THRUMMING SOUND. Scott leaps back, eyes on the web.

265 FULL SHOT - THE WEB

SHOOTING PAST SCOTT to see the entire web undulating as SOUND DIES AWAY

266 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

*I lost the web*  
Thoroughly frightened, he backs away, finally turns to scramble to the ball of string. He returns the pin to his waist-sash and, with a last, fearful glance at the web, grasps the dangling string.

267 UP ANGLE MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT

as he prepares the string for a rappel, kicks free of the shelf, slides down.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

268 INT. CELLAR - BASE OF ORANGE CRATE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT - DAY

He has made his descent down an end of the crate to avoid the problem of crossing the chasm.

Now he stands at the hanging thread, jerking it to dislodge the hook. Latter CLATTERS DOWN INTO SCENE. Scott turns and runs. CAMERA PANNING, to point on floor where dislodged cake has fallen. Many boulder-like crumbs have been smashed from the main piece. The surrounding area of the floor shades into shadow.

269 SITE OF FALLEN CAKE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he MOVES INTO SCENE, kneels to gather up the smaller pieces. From B.S., the SOUND OF SCRATCHING TAPPING ON. The spider. Scott drops his arm-load, rises, stares into the darkness

RAS

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270 SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW - THE SPIDER

as it scuttles out of the shadows into the disarray of crumbs.

271 FULL SHOT - SCOTT AND SPIDER

Now the spider sees Scott, pivots toward him, stands poised for an instant. Scott draws his pin-sword, cringes back. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS SLIGHTLY TO ESTABLISH a shirt button lying behind Scott and to one side. He retreats to it as the spider rushes forward, stops. It is unsure of this strange prey.

272 OMITTED

273 FULL SHOT - THE SPIDER

as it approaches cake crumbs. Then, with a savage onrush, it darts forward, stinger protruding from mandibles.

274 DOWN ANGLE FULL SHOT - SCOTT AND THE SPIDER

to REVEAL the pursuit. Scott is fleeing toward the matchbox; the spider, moving more swiftly, scuttles after him.

275 AT MATCHBOX - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he runs INTO SCENE, PLUNGES INTO MATCHBOX INTERIOR. An instant later the spider COMES INTO SHOT, attempting to enter the narrow opening. Failing, it begins crawl to roof of box.

276 INT. MATCHBOX - MED. FULL SHOT - SCOTT AND SPIDER - PROCESS

Light filters through matchbox opening to REVEAL Scott crouching in corner. SOUND of SCRATCHING has reached horrifying proportions and Scott's fear-crazed eyes follow its movement. His breath comes in great, gulping SOBS as he trembles under the impact of grinding terror.

277 FULL SHOT - THE SPIDER

on top of matchbox just above opening.

278 OMITTED

279 INT. MATCHBOX - MED. SHOT - SCOTT

as he stifles a TERRIFIED CRY, brings up the pin-sword.

RAS

280 EXT. MATCHBOX - THE ENTRANCE SLIT

as the spider, crawling down exterior of box, COMES INTO SCENE.

281 INT. MATCHBOX - MED. LONG SHOT - THE SPIDER - SCOTT

as it reaches floor, crawls OFF into shadows.

282 INT. MATCHBOX - AT ENTRANCE SLIT - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

looking off toward retreating spider. CAMERA SLOWLY PRESSES IN for MED. CLOSE SHOT EMPHASIZING grim intensity of Scott's expression.

SCOTT'S VOICE

In my hunt for food, I had become  
the hunted. This time I survived.  
But I was no longer alone in my  
universe. I had an enemy - the  
most terrifying ever beheld by  
human eyes.

CAMERA PRESSES IN on his EYES as we

DISSOLVE TO

283 INT. CELLAR - MED. CLOSE SHOT VENTILATOR GRILL - NIGHT

Bright moonlight silvers the grass beyond, floods through the ventilator grill. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to encompass the spider, hanging motionless in the center of its web. CAMERA SLOWLY BOOMS DOWN, passing the dangling string and the shadowed orange crate, to floor where we discover brightly outlined shadow of the ventilator grill cast by the moonlight.

From out of shadow Scott crosses into the lighted area. We see him in a LONG SHOT, carrying a piece of the cake. His figure crosses illuminated area and disappears into the shadow. CAMERA PANS with his progress, moving in to again pick him up as he emerges into a second illuminated area which reveals water heater, matchbox and the adjacent cache of cake particles.

283-A AT MATCHBOX - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as wearily he deposits his burden with the other cake crumbs, sinks down to rest against side of the matchbox. His glance goes o.s. toward spider web.

SCOTT'S VOICE

The spider hung in its web. For  
the moment I was safe.

RAS

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283-B AT MATCH BOX - CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

as, using a small stone, he sharpens the point of his hook.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Even so, I fought back the need  
for sleep.

His work movements slow and finally says through:

SCOTT'S VOICE

I knew that my size had decreased  
since my awakening. I was continuing  
to shrink -- to become...what? The  
infinitesimal? And beyond that...?

Now he is plunged into shadow as a cloud passes before the  
moon erasing the light which streams through the ventilator.  
Scott's troubled glance goes to the o.s. grill.

284  
thru  
287

OMITTED

288 LONG SHOT - VENTILATOR GRATING - SCOTT

as the cloud passes and once again moonlight floods through.

SCOTT'S VOICE

...the sky. An infinity of magni-  
tude.

Scott ENTERS and crosses to another splash of moonlight. There  
he stands, eyes yearning up toward ventilator.

SCOTT'S VOICE

So close -- the infinitesimal and  
the infinite. The extremes of  
creation.

288-A MED. CLOSE SHOT - VENTILATOR GRATE

SCOTT'S VOICE

Were they really the two ends of the  
same concept? - The unbelievably  
small and the unbelievably vast.

289 DOWN ANGLE - LONG SHOT - SCOTT

his remote figure looking up past us toward the ventilator  
grate beyond. He turns back toward box.

RAS

CONTINUED

289 CONTINUED

SCOTT'S VOICE

What WAS I? This grain of proto-plasm scrabbling for existence. A human being? Yes. Still human!

His hands clench and his features contract with revulsion.  
CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING IN to - CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Or was I the man of the future?

290 UP ANGLE SHOT - THE NIGHT SKY THROUGH GRATING

A RADICAL CAMERA ANGLE at grating gives us a segment of the night sky above the horizon: the moon, a panoply of stars.

SCOTT'S VOICE

If there were other bursts of radiation - other clouds drifting across seas and continents -- would other beings follow me into this wasteland?

291 VERY CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

as CAMERA PULLS BACK.

SCOTT'S VOICE

The future - the infinite - the infinitesimal. They crawled through my dreams. Like the spider.

DISSOLVE TO

d1 #1828 - Changes 5/2/56

75

292  
and OMITTED  
293

294 INT. CAREY LIVING ROOM

CAMERA PANS Marty carrying two suitcases from bedroom - Louise coming OUT of kitchen carrying a small carton.

LOUISE  
There's a small trunk in the basement. I'll show it to you. Will you bring it up for me?

MARTY  
Sure -- might as well get these in the car first.

Marty goes to door, Louise opens it for him. He GOES OUT.

em #1828 - Changes 5/2/56

76

295 INT. CELLAR - LOW POSITION SHOT - MATCH BOX AND WATER HEATER - NIGHT

There is no sign of Scott. The water heater is continuing to drip; but now the leak has widened and the drops come faster.

296 CLOSE SHOT - THE LEAK

as, with a final giving way of the seal around the flange, the leak becomes a deluge. Thick streams of water arc out from around the defective pipe. CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE MATCH BOX, upon which some of the streams are descending.

297 INT. MATCH BOX - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

SHOOTING TO INCLUDE OPENING SLIT. Scott has been asleep, curled on floor of box, the hook and coil of thread beside him. Awakened by the DRUMMING ROAR of the falling water, he rises, looks to the leaking ceiling, to the stream of water falling past the entrance slit. He RUSHES OUT.

298 EXT. BOX - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he COMES OUT, looks up toward heater. He is already soaked by the water that rains around him. A pool is forming under the heater, rising to Scott's knees even as we watch. His food cache, caught in a heavy stream, is awash. He struggles to retain his footing as leak intensifies.

299 CLOSE SHOT - THE LEAK

A Niagara spews from the heater as pipe breaks loose.

300 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Caught by the full force of the stream, he is pounded down. Coughing, choking, he strikes out through the waist-high waters.

RAS

eg #412 - Change 3/1/56

77

301 LONG SHOT - SCOTT IN TANK

We see Scott is struggling in waist-high swirling water. An oversized pencil floats by. Now door at head of cellar stairs is opened, light clicks on.

302 LOUISE AND MARTY

descending stairs. They see the burst heater.

LOUISE

Marty - the heater!

MARTY

I'll fix it.

He rushes down to heater. Louise remains where she is, midway down the steps.

303 FULL SHOT - SCOTT

and  
304

swirling in water. PAN WITH SCOTT to base of stairs. PRINT IN Marty's feet stepping down on stair. Water swirls around Scott as he clings to a projecting nail head, face straining upward. Marty leaves step.

SCOTT

(shout)

Lou! - Louise!

He COUGES, SPLUTTERS. As Louise's foot appears on step above him -

LOUISE'S VOICE

(booming)

Can you stop it?

305 AT HEATER - FULL SHOT - MARTY

Water still pounds from the pipe. Scott's matchbox is afloat; his food supply has disappeared. Marty twists at a valve.

MARTY

This should do it.

Stream of water slackens off.

MARTY

(still turning valve)

I'll get a plumber down here tomorrow.

The flow of water ceases.

RAS



eg #412 - Changes 3/1/56

78

306 FULL SHOT - LOUISE

MARTY'S VOICE

(to Louise)

Where's your drain?

Louise gestures toward point at mid-cellar that is covered with water.

LOUISE

There - it must be clogged.

306-A MED. SHOT - MARTY

as he leaves the heater, splashes toward drain.

307 FULL SHOT - SCOTT, LOUISE'S FEET - SPLIT SCREEN

Scott splashes through waist-high water toward o.s. Marty.  
SOUND of GIANT FOOTSTEPS COMES TOWARD US.

SCOTT

(screaming)

Marty!

307-A REVERSE SHOT - FROM BEHIND SCOTT

and

307-B as he splashes away from camera towards Marty, whose feet WILL  
BE SEEN in a moment splashing towards Scott.

Between Marty and Scott the oversized pencil FLOATS INTO SCENE  
making a SPLIT LINE for the SPLIT SCREEN as now WE SEE Marty's  
gigantic feet come splashing down almost directly on top of  
Scott. He falls back. The shoe misses him.

307-C REVERSE IN TANK - PENCIL AND SCOTT

as wave sweeps him head over heels.

308 MED. SHOT - MARTY

and

309 as he bends to clear away a silt that has formed over grill-  
covered drain. The drain clear, water rushes in with SUCKING  
SOUND.

309-A MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTY

bends over drain, clearing the debris away. Looks up at Louise.

RAS

CONTINUED

309-A CONTINUED

MARTY  
That the trunk, Louise?

309-B SPLIT SCREEN

Marty's foot and shoe FILLING THE SCREEN and over the heel,  
WE CAN SEE Scott clinging to the pencil as the swirling water  
is pulling him toward the drain. He DISAPPEARS behind Marty's  
foot, OVER which we hear:

LOUISE'S VOICE  
Don't bother if it's wet. I'll  
come back for it.

MARTY  
(lifting trunk)  
It's okay. I want to get you packed  
and moved out of here tonight.

309-C FULL SHOT - LOUISE AND MARTY

as Marty goes and pick up small trunk standing by the stairs,  
starts up the stairs with it.

310 FULL SHOT - SCOTT AND DRAIN

Stunned, Scott, still clinging to the pencil, is drawn by the  
suction of the drain onto the drain as the water sucks at his  
struggling body. The BOOMING SOUND of Louise's and Marty's  
footsteps reverberates through the cellar. Helpless in the  
dynamic undertow, he is swept on the drain, his body flooding  
onto the grill, his head slamming against one of the bars. He  
lies unconscious, the water sucking down around him. A burned  
match also caught on the drain lies beside him - they are just  
about the same size.

DISSOLVE TO

311  
thru  
313 OMITTED

314 EXT. CAREY HOUSE - AT REAR OF CAR - FULL SHOT - MARTY - NIGHT

Carrying the last of the suitcases, Marty is coming down the  
walk, crosses to camera and open trunk of car. He wedges the  
suitcase next to the other luggage, slams trunk shut, crosses  
around to driver's door.

RAS

315 INT. MARTY'S CAR - LOUISE AND MARTY

Louise sits dully on the passenger side. We see some suitcases piled in the back seat. Marty opens the driver's door.

MARTY

Is that everything, Louise?

LOUISE

(not looking at  
him; almost a  
whisper)

Yes. That's everything.

Marty slides into seat, closes door, starts motor. Louise looks down at her limply folded hands.

316 EXT. CAREY HOUSE - FULL SHOT - MARTY'S CAR

as it drives OFF. CAMERA PANS to the darkened house, already giving a sense of desolation. We HOLD ON THIS as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

318 AT DRAIN - FULL SHOT - SCOTT - NIGHT

lying unconscious across drain grill. From O.S., FADING ON;  
COMES SCRATCHING SOUND of spider. Scott stirs.

319 FULL SHOT - THE SPIDER

moving slowly across cellar floor in general direction of drain.

320 DOWN ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT AND SPIDER

the spider perhaps three feet away from Scott.

321 FULL SHOT - SCOTT - SPIDER

awakening now, slowly and painfully. Numbly he rises to one knee  
touches the throbbing agony of his forehead and finally becomes  
aware of SPIDER SOUND. He looks off, then scrambles back, half  
stumbling. CAMERA PANS him toward wooden box under stairs.

322 MED. LONG SHOT - THE SPIDER - SCOTT

SHOOTING PAST SCOTT as the spider veers by drain, crossing toward  
opposite wall.

323 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

His eyes and hands flutter at his waist sash.

SCOTT'S VOICE

My sword was gone.

He raises a trembling hand to his forehead, eyes squeezed shut  
in a spasm of pain, trying to remember. In a flash of recall  
his glance snaps toward water heater.

SCOTT'S VOICE

The flood!

324 FULL SHOT - PRINT IN SCOTT - STAIRS AND CELLAR FLOOR

Scott runs across floor towards the water heater - stops and  
stares o.s.

RAS

325 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT - LOOKING OFF

SCOTT'S VOICE  
The matchbox has disappeared...  
(he moves forward)

326 SCOTT AND BASE OF WATER HEATER

It is empty and clean - the water heater dry.

SCOTT'S VOICE  
... and with it .. my only weapons  
.. I must find them!  
(he looks around)  
I was defenseless and continuing to  
shrink...  
(glances o.s. to  
half wall)  
... but the spider hadn't seen me.

327 FULL SHOT - THE SPIDER

crawling up half-wall toward shelf.

SCOTT'S VOICE  
It crawled the wall to its web,  
as if it knew there was time - that  
all it had to do was wait.

328 MED. SHOT - SCOTT - FROM HIGH

SCOTT'S VOICE  
Louise had left the house. She  
believed me dead. I knew that now.

He crosses toward mid-cellar, stands motionless in a pool of  
moonlight.

SCOTT'S VOICE  
(slowly)  
And in that knowledge, I became the  
loneliest - the most frightened -  
the most hopeless of God's creatures.

CAMERA MOVES DOWN INTO BIG CLOSE-UP. As if crushed by an in-  
supportable burden, he sinks to the floor. His hands, trembling  
and claw-like, raise to his face.

CONTINUED

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83

328 CONTINUED

SCOTT'S VOICE

In my agony, I groped toward insanity.  
I yearned for it - begged for it.  
To escape! To abandon myself to  
madness!

Now his hands slowly slip from his face, as:

SCOTT'S VOICE

But there was no escape. My mind  
refused it. And I was trapped again,  
in the web of my own reason.

He rises, runs toward water heater.

329  
thru  
334  
OMITTED

335 THE WATER HEATER - SCOTT

as he looks up toward the former source of the leak.

SCOTT'S VOICE

My water supply was gone.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to REVEAL former site of his food cache.  
He looks toward it.

SCOTT'S VOICE

And my food. Nothing remained.

His eyes go toward stairway, brighten with hope.

336 LONG SHOT - THE MATCHBOX - SCOTT'S VIEWPOINT

336-A MED. SHOT - SCOTT

runs toward box.

337 FULL SHOT - MATCHBOX

as Scott RUNS INTO SCENE, darts INSIDE the sodden hull of the  
box.

338 INT. MATCHBOX - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Drops of water line the soggy walls and have collected in a  
pool in one corner. Scott's pin-sword, thread and hook lie to

RAS

CONTINUED

338 CONTINUED

one side. In the semi-darkness he kneels at the pool, drinks thirstily, rises, spots his possessions, picks them up,

339 EXT. MATCHBOX - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he EMERGES from entrance slit, holding tools. He tests the point of the pin, begins to coil the thread as:

SCOTT'S VOICE

(excitedly)

I still had my weapons! With these bits of metal I was a man again! If I was to die - it would not be as a helpless insect in the jaws of the spider-monster.

SCOTT'S VOICE

A strange calm possessed me. I thought more clearly than I had ever thought before - as if my mind were bathed in brilliant light. I recognized that part of my illness was rooted in hunger.

His glance goes up to shelf of half-wall.

SCOTT'S VOICE

And I remembered the food --

340  
thru  
343 OMITTED

344 MED. SHOT - CAKE SLAB ON SHELF, PORTION OF WEB

Our ANGLE does not reveal the full spider web, but only the portion encompassing the cake.

SCOTT'S VOICE (cont'd)

-- on the shelf; the cake threaded with spider web.

345 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT

looking up to food.

SCOTT'S VOICE

I no longer felt hatred for the spider. Like myself, it struggled blindly for the means to live.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as calmly, purposefully, Scott picks up the pin-sword, thrusts it into his sash, picks up the coiled rope, tests the sharpness of the hook.

SCOTT'S VOICE

If I was to fight it - if I was to win the food, then it must be now - while strength remained - while I was still of sufficient size to scale the wall.

346 MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT

as CAMERA PANS him toward end of orange crate.

SCOTT'S VOICE

It was not decision that drove me to the crate, but reflex - as instinctive as the spider's.

347 SIDE OF ORANGE CRATE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he MOVES INTO SCENE, prepares the hook for throwing.

SCOTT'S VOICE

My legs trembled - not with fear, but with weakness. Yet somehow I felt within myself a new source of power - a giant strength, urging me to the death-struggle.

The hook FLIES UP OUT OF SCENE, catches. Scott begins to climb, slowly, painfully, as we

LAP DISSOLVE TO

348 INT. CELLAR - AT ORANGE CRATE - UP ANGLE MED. LONG SHOT - SCOTT - NIGHT

as he scales top segment of orange crate wall.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

RAS



349 OMITTED

(X)

LAP DISSOLVE TO

350 INT. CELLAR - ON LEDGE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT - DAY

(X)

as he pulls himself onto ledge adjacent to ball of string and sewing scissors. Coil of thread and hook are slung across his chest. CAMERA PANS him a few paces past scissors toward o.s. cake, where he freezes.

351 SCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW - CAKE, WEB, SPIDER

The spider hangs motionless in the center of its web.

352 REVERSE ANGLE - SCOTT

his lips tightening as he retreats slowly toward scissors. His leg touches the handles. He looks down, back to the spider. Then, with the speed and sureness of resolution, he takes coiled thread and hook from shoulder, kneels at scissors.

353 AT SCISSORS - CLOSER SHOT - SCOTT

dropping coil and hook, he throws his weight and strength behind the handles of the scissors, slowly inching them forward.

354 ANOTHER ANGLE - SCOTT

SHOOTING TO INCLUDE SCISSOR POINTS in f.g. as Scott shoves them toward us. With a CLINKING SOUND the points strike a shard of masonry. Scott's glance shoots o.s. to the spider.

355 FULL SHOT - WEB AND SPIDER

as the spider, in response to the sound, stirs, subsides.

356 AT SCISSOR HANDLES - MED. SHOT - SCOTT

His face glassy with perspiration, he turns again to shove grimly at scissor handles.

357 UP ANGLE SHOT - TO LEDGE AND SCISSOR BLADES

as slowly the blades move out over ledge.

RAS

358 FULL SHOT - SCOTT AND SCISSORS

as the scissors reach a point of balance. Scott ceases his exertions, steps back to pick up coiled thread and hook.

359 AT SCISSOR HANDLES - CLOSER SHOT - SCOTT

as he MOVES BACK to handles, ties free end of thread securely to the iron loop. Satisfied, he holds coil of thread loosely in one hand, the hook in the other. CAMERA PANS him toward web. He pays out the thread as he goes.

360 FULL SHOT (TRUCKING) - SCOTT

He has almost reached the full length of the thread. Now he lays the hook on the ground and continues, CAMERA TRUCKING, to the cake and the outer extremities of the web. There he pauses, marking the scene before him.

361 FULL SHOT - SPIDER AND WEB

SHOOTING PAST SCOTT'S SHOULDER to REVEAL the motionless spider.

362 FULL SHOT - SCOTT, PORTION OF WEB

Tensing, securing his courage, he strikes at the web with his foot. Again the HIGH-PITCHED TRUMMING SOUND.

363 FULL SHOT - THE SPIDER

as it stirs. The jostling of the web is repeated and now the spider scampers swiftly across it.

364 FULL SHOT (TRUCKING) - SCOTT

as he runs back to hook, picks it up, continues moving back until he has plenty of slack in the line. Now he turns, feet planted firmly, to face the spider.

365 MED. LONG SHOT - THE SPIDER

SHOOTING PAST SCOTT'S SHOULDER as it moves toward us.

366 MED. FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he whirls the hook.

RAS

367  
thru OMITTED  
369

370 FULL SHOT - THE SPIDER

as the hook knifes into an upper leg, impaling it. The spider stops, legs threshing. Then it is moving forward again, dragging the hook.

371 MED. SHOT (TRUCKING) - SCOTT

as he turns and runs, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH HIM, to scissor handles. Reaching them, GASPING with effort, he attempts to wrestle the scissors over the ledge.

372 DOWN ANGLE FULL SHOT - SCOTT AND THE SPIDER

The spider, its speed impaired by its injury, is drawing closer to Scott.

373 MED. SHOT - SCOTT

LOUD SCRATCHING SOUND FADES ON as Scott flicks a panicked glance at the o.s. spider, redoubles his efforts to budge the scissors. Slowly they begin to slide forward.

374 DOWN ANGLE SHOT - SCOTT, SCISSORS

Blades of scissors are beginning to drop as Scott throws himself back from spider's onrush. Scissors fall.

375 UP ANGLE SHOT - THE SCISSORS

falling toward us, drawing the thread. Suddenly it is jerked to a stop. The thread has caught on a projecting shard of masonry,

376 INSERT - THREAD CAUGHT ON SHARD OF MASONRY  
Thread breaks.

377 DOWN SHOT - THE SCISSORS  
as it drops PAST CAMERA.

378 FULL SHOT - SPIDER  
advancing toward CAMERA. The hook still is implanted. He is  
dragging the rest of the thread.

379 FULL SHOT - SCOTT  
Horror written on his face, he turns and runs toward upright  
supporting the floor above. PRINT IN spider advancing from  
under camera toward Scott.

380 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT  
He reaches the upright. A mound of dirt is piled around the  
upright making a hill. He tries to climb. He slips. He  
looks around, sees the spider almost on top of him. Further  
retreat is impossible. He draws his pin-sword.

381 FULL SHOT - SPIDER AND SCOTT - SPLIT SCREEN  
Scott crouches against hill, pin in hand, meeting the onrush-  
ing spider -- stabs at it with the pin. Its vital centers are  
so far removed from its extremities that it is impossible for  
him to make a decisive thrust. The spider snaps back on its  
rear legs at Scott's thrust. Scott turns and desperately runs  
out as the spider backs up.

382 MED. SHOT - SCOTT  
He is running for his life. He trips and falls.

383 CLOSEUP - SCOTT'S FACE  
In horror he sees the spider advancing on him.

384 CLOSE SHOT - SPIDER  
ADVANCING onto CAMERA.

RAS

385 FULL SHOT - SPIDER AND SCOTT

as the spider heaves its body high and draws itself forward on top of Scott.

386 CLOSER SHOT - SCOTT AND THE SPIDER

as Scott finds himself imprisoned beneath the high belly of the spider, surrounded by its trunk-like legs. Vainly he attempts to escape, but with each lunge at freedom a leg moves to block his path. And now the circle is drawing tighter, forcing Scott directly beneath the mandibles.

387 WITHIN CIRCLET OF LEGS - MED. FULL SHOT - SCOTT

Abandoning escape, he turns to the immediate danger of the out-thrust stinger. The spider is lowering its body, seeking to pierce him. Scott rears back under the descending belly; but the stinger, now exuding a dark fluid, follows him.

The stinger comes closer, the belly lowering - lowering. And Scott, with a final, wrenching effort, thrusts the pin-sword upward into the spider's vitals. The stinger jerks back.

388 FULL SHOT - THE SPIDER, SCOTT

as the spider rears convulsively, then slowly collapses. Scott emerges from the tangle of gently waving legs, stabbing again and again at the spider, stabbing wildly, his breath coming in great, gusty sobs. Finally all movement ceases and Scott turns toward camera, drops his pin-sword as he staggers PAST us.

389 AT SLAB OF CAKE - FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he COMES INTO SCENE, rips at the web which guards the food.

390 CLOSER SHOT - SCOTT

In the postures of his body we read his complete, grinding weariness - a state beyond weariness, beyond exhaustion. But his eyes gleam with the luminous brightness of fever or delusion. He stares at the cake.

SCOTT'S VOICE

This was the prize I had won! I approached it in an ecstasy of elation. I had conquered! I lived!

390 CONTINUED

His hand raises heavily to the food, breaking off a piece. But as he does so he reacts with revulsion. The hand falls back.

SCOTT'S VOICE

But even as I touched the dry, flaking crumbs of nourishment, it was as if my body had ceased to exist. There was no hunger - no longer the terrible fear of shrinking...

Moonlight, as if released by a passing cloud, falls directly across him. He looks toward grating.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Again I had the sensation of instinct - of each movement, each thought tuned to some great directing force.

Heavily he starts to make his way towards the distant grill. Each movement is a painful battle against exhaustion. He pitches forward, unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO

391 INT. CELLAR- FULL SHOT - VENTILATOR GRATING - NIGHT

Moonlight, almost tangible, pours through.

392 LOW POSITION SHOT - SCOTT

still where he collapsed on shelf. Now he is awakening; painfully, slowly he gets to his knees, his eyes intent on the o.s. grating. CAMERA RISES with him and we realize that he is now only an inch tall, half his former size. His eyes and hands go to his bagging, torn clothing.

SCOTT'S VOICE

I was continuing to shrink. How large now? An inch?

His glance again goes to the grating. He fights through his exhaustion to stumble toward grating. CAMERA PULLS BACK BEFORE HIM.

392-A FULL SHOT - GRATING AND CELLAR FLOOR - (PRINT IN SCOTT)

as he stumbles toward grating.

RAS

393 INT. VENTILATOR GRATING - MED. FULL SHOT - SCOTT

as he COMES INTO SCENE and we see that he is now of sufficient smallness to pass through the grating. Outside, an expanse of grass bathed in moonlight.

Scott stands for a moment before the interstices, drinking in the scene before him. Moving with the same heavy slowness, he climbs through the grating.

394 EXT. VENTILATOR - LOW POSITION SHOT - THE GRASS

We see nothing of Scott - only a ripple of movement in the grass.

395 IN GRASS - MED. FULL SHOT - SCOTT

surrounded by giant blades of grass, taller than he. He is looking up.

CONTINUED

395 CONTINUED

SCOTT'S VOICE

(with exultation)

I looked up as if, somehow, I would grasp the heavens. And I felt my body dwindling, melting - becoming nothing.

The CAMERA starts to PULL AWAY from Scott - as he seems to grow smaller and smaller.

DISSOLVE TO

396 EXT. THE GRASS - (WE CANNOT SEE SCOTT)

as CAMERA still PULLS AWAY,

SCOTT'S VOICE

(with jubilation)

And in that moment I knew the answer to the riddle of the infinite.

(pause)

I had thought in terms of man's own limited dimension. I had presumed upon Nature. That existence begins and ends - is man's conception, not Nature's.

(X)

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP away from grass to the star-studded heavens.

SCOTT'S VOICE

The universe. Worlds beyond number; God's silver tapestry spread across the night.

(pause)

My fears melted away and, in their place, came acceptance.

(pause)

All this vast majesty of creation. It had to mean something. And then I meant something too. Yes, smaller than the smallest, I meant something too. To God there is no zero. I still exist!

The MUSIC RISES to a TRIUMPHANT CRESCENDO, then FADES and we HEAR the ETERNAL WIND.

FADE OUT

THE END

RAS